

5, 1910

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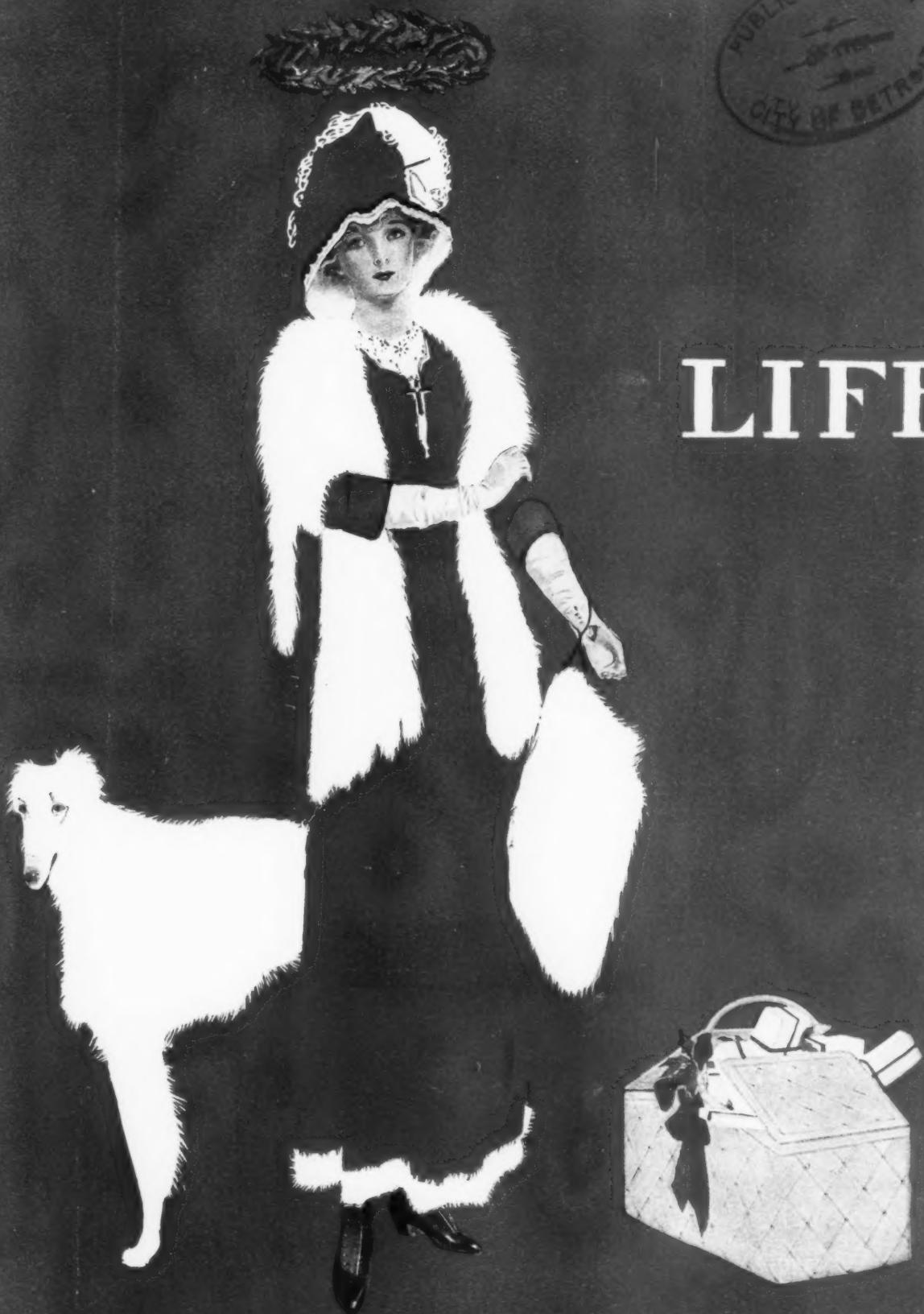
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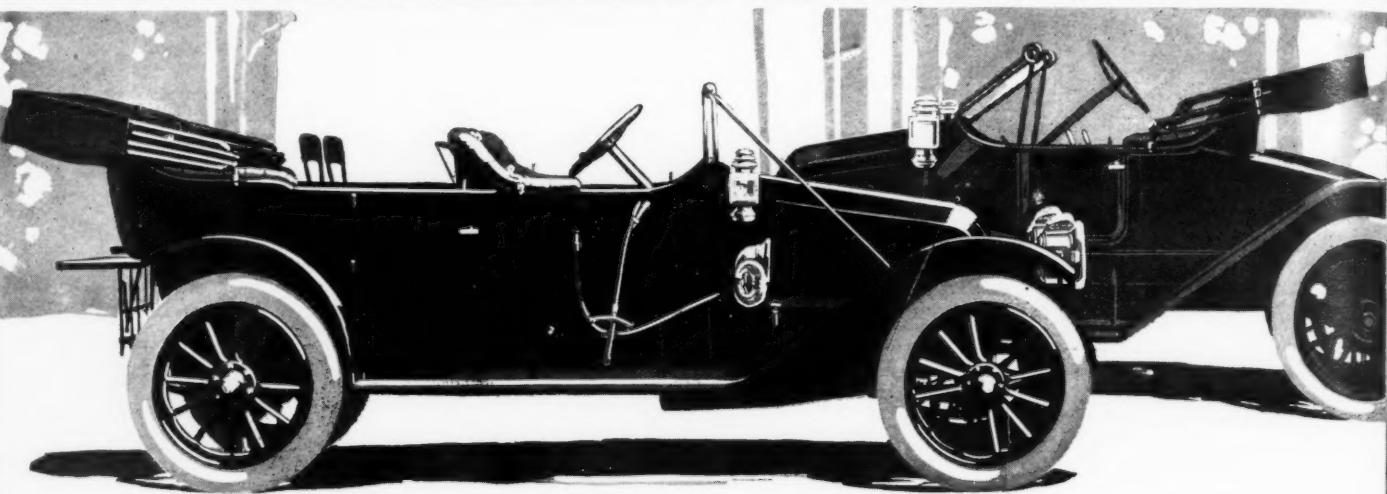
LIFE



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Tire expense with the average automobile is unreasonably large. The tires, costly in themselves, do not last. They break down and blow out before their time. This is because the weight and work put upon them are too much. Tire expense per mile and per year is high.

Reasonable tire service can be secured only through reducing the weight of the automobile and increasing the size of the tires. The Franklin is light-weight. It is equipped with large tires. The tires do not break down; they last and give from three to four times the mileage obtained with tires on other automobiles. This reduces the tire expenses to a small amount per mile and per year of service. The up-keep and operating expenses all along the line are reasonable. Pleasure and profit are increased.

What Resiliency Does

Franklin resiliency, due to full-elliptic springs, wood chassis frame and large tires, makes the automobile usable everywhere without stress

on the car and without discomfort to the passengers. No other automobile rides so easily. None contributes so much to health and enjoyment. Resiliency also saves on the tires; resiliency permits light weight; rigid construction must be heavy, or it will not be strong.

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At this season thousands of water-cooled automobiles are laid up for the winter. Those kept in use require extra care to prevent the water from freezing and the plumbing or radiator from bursting. They can not be left standing any length of time with safety. Even when they are laid up much of the expense goes on. The depreciation, especially on tires, is about the same as when the car is in use.

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Automobilists are often unfamiliar with the superior qualities of one automobile over another. It is only through a Franklin that the highest standard of comfort, the fullest sense of automobile enjoyment are obtained.

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*The
Literary
Zoo.*

The Literary Uses of Adversity

Half a century has elapsed since that comedian with his little one dying at home inspired his audience emotionally. Few men have not heard the story a dozen times. The comedian was acting wretchedly. His scene proved a failure. Everybody in the theatre grieved over the decay of his tronic powers so sublime. Down to the footlights thereupon stepped the actor. "If I have not raised a laugh to-night," the story makes him say in effect, "it is because I have a little one dying at home."

Nothing is so difficult to explain as the universal acceptance of the thoroughly false psychology of this anecdote. For had the comedian's little one really been dying at home, the reaction from his grief would have rendered him inimitably funny. He could have played the broadest farce to perfection. This rule of contraries worked strikingly in the case of Edwin Booth. When he left the stage after the poignant scene with Ophelia



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he laughed. The strain caused that reaction. A strain of the same nature made Dickens inimitably funny in some parts of David Copperfield. He could display so fine a humor, because his domestic difficulties rendered him so wretched. Thackeray is no exception to the universal rule. His married life was a tragedy. That is why *Vanity Fair* is such a masterpiece. The unhappy wives of men of genius have become proverbial. Not that the misery of men of genius need be do-

mestic. Often it is purely financial. In any event, it is imperative that writers suffer, if not at home, then when they take their wives to the seashore. It seems to be the function of the wives of men of genius to make their husbands wretched in order that literature may not suffer. Shakespeare's humor owed everything to the fact that he had to run away from his wife precisely as Milton's "Paradise Lost" is a masterpiece, because

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The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 1135)

his wife ran away from him. The woman who makes a writer wretched makes him great. The single men who have produced a classic can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Show me the book that reveals its author at his worst and I will show you a man who has no domestic difficulties. Consider, for example, "Lord Alistair's Rebellion," the new novel by Allen Upward. Marriage must be to Allen Upward one grand, sweet song. If he have no wife he is certainly a happy man and, therefore, he should wed. That will enable him to taste such misery as Thackeray, Dickens and blind Milton knew. No writer can be truly great until he has made a foolish marriage. Anthony Trollope missed the attainment of a position beside George Meredith, because he had a happy home.

All the Woman's Fault

Provided the hero be very rich, I make no complaint of any sort after taking the trouble and the time to read a new novel from beginning to end. But the hero must be very rich indeed.

PRINCESS HOTEL, BERMUDA
THE IDEAL WINTER RESORT.

Opens December 12. Accommodates 400. Outdoor life all winter. Beautiful drives, saddle riding, tennis, golf, yachting, sea bathing. FINE NEW SWIMMING POOL. Only two days from New York by fast, luxurious steamers, sailing twice a week.

HOWE & TWOROGER, Mgrs., Hamilton, Bermuda

Nor will I take the novelist's mere word for it. The hero I am introduced to must be made to live before me as if he were the newly elected Senator from one of our Western States made over to suit a lady novelist in England. The hero of a novel I take the trouble to read must, therefore, be provided with a valet, or, as the English say, a "man," and have a yearly in-

come in excess of a hundred thousand dollars. The hero of a novel read by me, moreover, should possess culture as the term is understood by Matthew Arnold in his essay on the study of poetry. He must, I mean, apprehend perfectly the difference between Aristotle as the philosopher of the real and Plato as the philosopher of the ideal,

(Continued on page 1137)

**In the
January** **Scribner**

**ON THE WAY
TO
INDIA**

By
PRICE COLLIER

Author of
"England and the English
from an American
Point of View".

The first of a new group of articles on *The West in the East*. While dealing especially with what *England has accomplished in India*, these articles discuss with great clearness the new responsibilities that America has assumed in the Orient and the rise and position of Japan among the great world powers. They have the same qualities that made the author's former articles so instructive and entertaining—keen observation, trenchant wit, frank criticism, and yet an evident spirit of fairness.

A notably beautiful story, *The Sad Shepherd*, by
Henry van Dyke

**Sir Arthur Conan
Doyle's**

The Red Star. Another of his remarkable pictures Through the Mists of the great historic past.

**Ernest Thompson
Seton's**

The Land of the Caribou. A record of experiences among the millions of Caribou that roam the Arctic Prairies.

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An article of exceptional timeliness and interest:

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By **HENRY JONES FORD**, Professor of Politics in Princeton University.

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The Literary Zoo

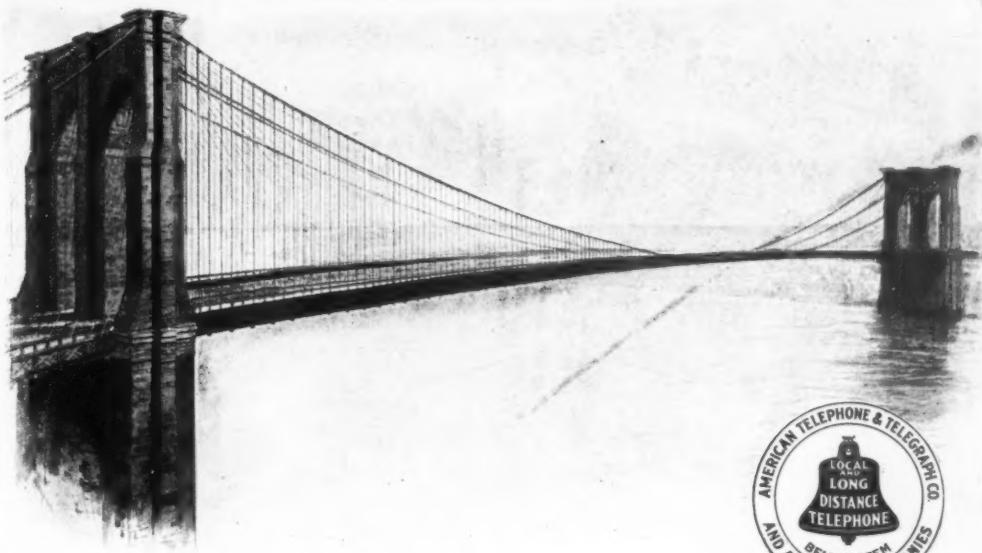
(Continued from page 1136)

and still be no pedant. I expect him likewise to know how to look at pictures by Tintoretto and to be competent to discuss evolution intelligently with really nice girls. The clothes worn by the hero of the novel I read would have to reflect the latest English ideas in tweeds. His four-ply collars of the purest linen must be of the lock front design, while his cravats of silk and satin accumulated so rapidly that his "man"—an old family retainer addressed as Hodgson—never counted them. The volumes in the well-selected library of this hero would never suit my taste if they were not bound in red Russia leather, exquisitely tooled. From the pocket of his immaculately creased trousers I should expect him to extract a gold cigarette case before replying to Lady Rosemary's remark. Nor could I put up with him even then if Lady Rosemary did not love him passionately. Finally, he would have to be a fool. That would render him so convincing as a rising young English statesman of today. It will inevitably be remarked that my taste is hopeless, but that is the fault of Mrs. Humphry Ward. She is my favorite novelist.

A New Way to Help the Sale of Books

Trite as is the tale of the pill maker, I must tell it here because of its bearing upon our literary crisis. He was a shrewd pill maker, but his wares found no sale. Thereupon his friends, instigated by himself, went from shop to shop, clamoring for his goods. How rich that pill maker died I am afraid to say.

There is a hint here for those of us who sorely need funds and long, at the same time, to promote the sale of novels by our friends. I do not mean that we should rush from one department store to another asking for *Clayhanger*, by Arnold Bennett. The book might be in stock. My suggestion is



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Primitive methods of transmitting speech have been succeeded by Bell telephone service, which enables twenty-five million people to bridge the distances that separate them, and speak to each

other as readily as if they stood face to face.

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Paris, 64, Avenue de la Grande Armée.

far more subtle. It is based upon the belief of publishers that a book sells not so much because it is advertised—advertisements merely set the ball rolling—but because it is talked about. I, for example, dine at the club and begin to choke over the fish. "Quick!" cries Jones, "drink this champagne. I'm paying for it." "My dear Jones," I roar in my loudest compass, wiping my eyes ostentatiously, "I am strangely affected to-night. I have just been

(Continued on page 1138)

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FLORIDA
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"The Universal
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A floral water of absolute purity and enduring fragrance, in use for nearly a century. Peculiarly refreshing and reviving for all toilet purposes; matchless for the bath; the finest thing after shaving; in a word, the most satisfactory toilet perfume made.

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Sample mailed on receipt of six cents, to defray mailing charges.

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The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 1137)

reading *In the Footprints of Heine*, by Henry James Forman, and it has made me feel like Belisarius begging his bread in the streets of Rome." There is some peril in such melodrama. It may start Jones off upon Belisarius instead of upon Henry James Forman. He may plunge into the decadence of Rome when I mean to follow in the footsteps of Heine. With a little adroitness, however,—by a brilliant reference to the Hartz Mountains and poetry at the top of my voice—I advertise my friend's book. The device is not unlike that resorted to by the insurance companies. They pay people to talk about the blessings of life insurance, with no reference to any company in particular or to any form of policy. In this way is ascertained whether a man carries any life

(Concluded on page 1139)

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A new serial will begin in AINSLEE'S for January, a story of much action, of quick transitions of scenes and emotion, and great dramatic power.

AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE

are the authors of "*The Panther's Cub*," and in this they have written what is perhaps their strongest tale.

MABEL HERBERT URNER and FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER

have collaborated in a story which you will find in the January number. You have, of course, read their novels "*The Journal of a Neglected Wife*," and "*The Other Woman*."

The complete novel is the work of

BEATRIX DEMAREST LLOYD

It is a love and adventure story, full of incident and action, a drama of strong characters.

Margaretta Tuttle, the author of "*The Greatest of These*," will begin a series of stories in which a fascinating woman is the central figure. She encounters the sort of difficulties that come to such a woman in real life.

Among the other contributors will be **H. B. Marriott Watson**, **Mollie Elliot Seawell**, **Elliott Flower**, who begins a series of Western stories, **May Isabel Fisk**, **Samuel Gordon**, **Fannie Heaslip Lea**, **Jane W. Guthrie** and **Owen Oliver**.

H. Addington Bruce's series of articles on "*Adventurings in the Psychical*" will be continued.

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NILE

The Literary Zoo

(Concluded from page 1138)

insurance at all—information of much value to an agent seeking a “prospect.” Upon that hint I play my part, too. Instead of mentioning the book I wish to push, it suffices to guide the talk of my friends in the direction of poetry. That brings up Homer or Shakespeare, whereupon I swear that Heine is equal to both. “Nonsense!” retorts Jones. “My dear Jones,” I reply, “the greatness of a poet is revealed in the splendor of the literature he inspires. Has Homer, has Shakespeare himself, inspired so fine a tribute as Henry James Forman's *In the Footprints of Heine*? That is a poser for Jones. Forman's book has just been published by the Houghton Mifflin Company. Jones has scarcely had time to read it yet. If, by any mischance, he actually has read it, I contradict him unblushingly and refer our dispute to the bystanders. They, at any rate, have not read Forman's book yet, or, if they have, there is still hope—for me, if not for Forman. He who fights and runs away may live to fight another day.

This mode of promoting the sale of a new work suggests a lucrative and



IT adds to your enjoyment of play, social evening or club-affair—to know that your homegoing will be as delightful as the hours that preceded it.

That's true always—if you go in a Detroit Electric.

The turn of a key—you are ready to start—in luxury, privacy, comfort and safety.

The Queen of Town and Suburban Cars, Richly finished, luxuriously cushioned, exquisitely appointed.

Our new “Chainless” Direct Shaft Drive means a straight path of power from motor to adjustable bevel gear on rear axle without lost motion. The greatest feature ever introduced on an electric vehicle.

On Oct. 5, 1910, a Detroit Electric Victoria (regular stock car) ran 211 3 miles on a single battery charge. A new world's record for mileage capacity. More mileage than you will ever need in a day.

This year we're offering a new Gentlemen's Underslung Roadster of stunning design—very low and rakish. Extra long wheel base. Pneumatic tires only.

Other artistic new models in Victorias, Coupes and Broughams.

Three optional drives—Chainless Direct Shaft Drive, our successful double chain and Reynolds Tandem Silent Enclosed Chain Drives. You have your choice, as well, of Special Electric Cushion or Pneumatic Tires; Edison or lead batteries.

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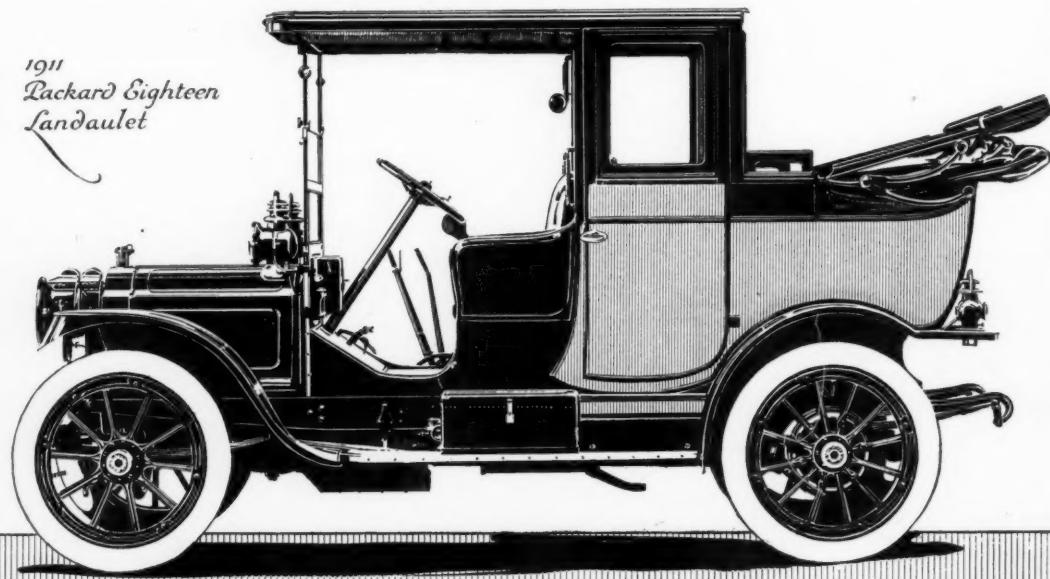
agreeable profession for young women in need of funds—and what young woman is not? I read a Harper book lately called *Money Making for Ladies*, and I trust this suggestion will be included in the next edition. It is an easy matter for a woman to behave irrationally. When remonstrated with, she could retort that she was merely modeling her deportment upon that of *Ailsa Page*, by Robert W. Chambers. That should entitle her to a liberal commission on all sales.

What an impetus would be given to the circulation of Robert Herrick's last novel if the graduating class at Vassar were persuaded to talk so preposterously as does his heroine! There are limits to the exploitation of this method of pushing a book, naturally, since no amount of money could induce a really nice girl to conduct herself like the young woman in Meredith Nicholson's latest story, *The Siege of the Seven Suitors*.

Alexander Harvey.

• LIFE •

1911
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Landaulet



Ask the man who owns one

Packard
MOTOR CARS



Packard Motor Car Company Detroit



THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE

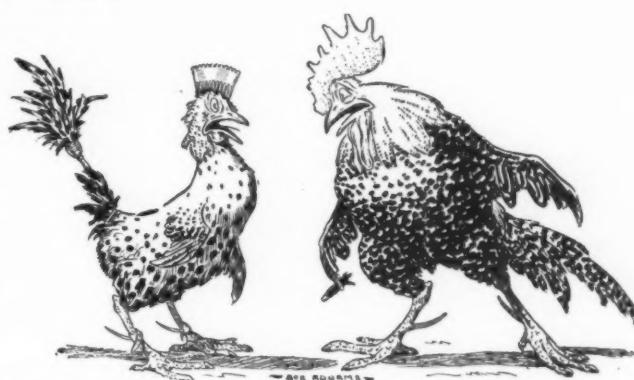
A Prophet is Not Without Honor, Except, etc.

"**M**Y DEAR," says the doctor to his wife, who is cuddling their new boy, "you should not feed the baby oftener than every three hours, you should not take it up every time it cries, it should sleep practically all the time, it should not be shown to everyone who calls, your mother and father should not be permitted to dandle it, you should not chuck it under the chin that way, it should sleep in a room without heat and with the windows wide open, its clothing should be simple—none of those lacy, embroidered things—and—"

"Humph!" interrupts his wife. "You go and tell that stuff to people that pay you five dollars a visit! I don't want any of your old advice about this baby."

"**A**RE you an experienced aviator?"

"Well, sir, I have been at it six weeks and I am all here."



"CUT OUT ALL THIS SUFFRAGETTE NONSENSE AND GO HOME AND SET ON THOSE EGGS OR I'LL GET A DIVORCE."

• LIFE •



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LVI. DECEMBER 22, 1910. No. 1469

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York



THE great value of the fight, led by *Collier's Weekly* for the retention of the Alaska coal fields as the property of the people of the United States, appears in the majority report of the Ballinger Investigating Committee. To be sure, the report exonerates Mr. Ballinger, in so far as his personal deportment goes, and denies that the record shows him to be anything else than "a competent and honorable gentleman, honestly and faithfully performing the duties of his high office with an eye single to the public interest." But it goes on to rejoice that the entire body of Alaskan coal lands are practically untouched, and to recommend that they be never sold, but leased at fair royalties for periods limited, but long enough to justify investment. To that end the Committee recommends legislation, and that, pending legislation, the existing withdrawal of the coal lands from entry be continued.

The President also, in his message, recommends the leasing of the coal lands, but not their sale, though he calls the attention of Congress for its fuller information to the objections to leases urged by Secretary Ballinger in his report. The President set forth his views in his conservation speech in St. Paul last September, when he told about the successful working of coal leases in New Zealand, Tasmania and Australia. The other authorities do not seem to hold with Mr. Ballinger on this important subject, and as they are more numerous than he, we presume they will have their way, which is the way of the Roosevelt-Pinchot conservationists.

As to the Cunningham claims, they have not budged for a year and a half, and the committee and the President and the Secretary all recommended that they be sent to an appropriate court for hearing and adjudication.

The fight to save the Alaska coal lands was made to save the coal lands and to maintain the general policy of conservation of forests, water sites and mineral lands which obtained in the late administration. Secretary Ballinger and the estimate of his integrity and efficiency were only incidents of that fight. Since the fight seems to have been won, the incidents will probably take care of themselves. Congress will hardly act contrary to public opinion and to the recommendation of the President and its own investigating committee, and so there will be leases of those lands, and the sooner the better, for the long delay has been very hard on Alaskan enterprises.



THE President's message was as long as seven magazine stories, and was a faithful message, but it has been read chiefly by deputy and pronounced satisfactory on the evidence of newspaper men and other persons employed to investigate it. It is a very sensible message and full of reliable information, but less exciting than the haggling that is going on in New York over the new subways, or the English elections, or the Massachusetts murder trial, or the arrest of a gang of Italian kidnappers by the New York police, or of the New York strike-breakers, who killed the young engineer-sportsman whom they saw on the street with a shotgun. There may be those among us who do not appreciate how blessed a thing it is to have a President whose messages do not require to be read, but the bulk of our people seem alive to that blessing.

For the short session, the President recommends Congress to let the tariff, the trusts and the railroads rest without further immediate legislation, and to turn its attention to economy of administration. He recommends higher

salaries for the Federal judges, some recognition for Commander Peary, the parcels post on the rural delivery routes, more army engineers, some belated clemency to the taxpayers in the matter of pensions, fortification of the Panama Canal and other things far too numerous to rehearse.



ALONG with the news of the death of Mrs. Eddy (elsewhere noticed) and the dangerous excitement caused by the exhibition of Mr. Frick's pictures, there comes from Boston the intelligence that William Whitman, for seventeen years the president of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers, is about to lay down the sheep shears, which are the emblem of that office. At the meeting on December 7 he announced that he would not be a candidate for re-election at the annual meeting on February 1, so the wool tariff will doubtless last out his term of office. He took occasion to point out how wool manufacture had increased in the United States in the last fifty years. "We have seen," he said, "the United States rise from a position of humiliating dependence on foreign nations for the greater part of the good woolen clothing of its people to a position when nine-tenths of all the woolen fabrics bought and used in this country are made in American mills." Mr. Whitman ought to know. It may be we have seen it, if he says so. But what has it cost the taxpayers of this country? You have laid the wool schedule on the American back. Mr. Whitman, but from how many American backs have you stripped the wool? Now that nine-tenths of our "woolen fabrics" are made in American mills, are you ready to say, sir, what percentage of them is made of cotton? And do you realize that you leave us still "in a condition of humiliating dependency" on China and Ceylon for tea? You could have raised our tea also, Mr. Whitman, if you had given your mind to it; raised it profitably, under glass, at our expense.

For the Especial Reading of Mr. Robert H. Cahoon,
of Pleasant Lake, Mass.

LIFE does not usually print anything intended for the special attention of only one reader. We beg the pardon of every one, except Mr. Robert H. Cahoon, for the present exception to our rule.

On October 28 we received a communication, dated October 27, 1910. It read as follows:

EDITOR.

Dear Sir:—

If my MSS. is not acceptable at your regular rates, attached to this letter you will find postage for its return.

Hoping you will find it available,

I am,

Yours truly,

ROBERT H. CAHOON.

Accompanying this letter was a manuscript poem entitled "Skeptics." Immediately beneath the title was the inscription, "By Robert H. Cahoon." Alongside the title (in parenthesis) was typewritten "60 LINES; 500 WORDS." This information was doubtless intended as a convenience for LIFE and a safeguard for Mr. Cahoon, so that when a check was made out to his order in payment for the verse there should be no omission to pay him at "regular rates" for every line and word of the composition.

On page 807 of *Harper's Magazine* for October, 1910, which went on sale about September 25, there is a poem entitled "Skeptics," which bears the name of Mr. Burges Johnson as author. Mr. Johnson is well known in the literary world, and so far as we have been able to ascertain, has never used the name Cahoon as a pseudonym or in any other way.

The first three stanzas, some thirty lines out of a total of fifty (not sixty, as Mr. Cahoon figures the MS. he sent), are practically an exact copy of the verses in *Harper's* by Mr. Johnson. The two stanzas added are inferior and evidently written by another hand.

No word of credit is given to Mr. Johnson nor to *Harper's*. On the contrary, it was evidently Mr. Cahoon's intention to convey the idea that he had written the whole



"GEE! HE MUST ER HAD A DANDY CHRISTMAS DINNER."



"ON THE SANTA CLAUS TRAIL."

poem, and to be paid for it by LIFE at its "regular rates."

There is no need to characterize further this attempt to secure money under false pretences.

At LIFE office there are a two-cent stamp and a manuscript bearing the name of Robert H. Cahoon. If Mr. Robert H. Cahoon, of Pleasant Lake, Mass., thinks they are his property, we shall be glad to discuss the claim with him, if he will call at this office in person.

Hideous

"IN only a quarter of the cases reported to parents," complains a medical inspector in the public schools, "are operations performed!"

Showing how crassly insensible some of us still are of the opportunities brought to light by the torch of Science. Is it not disconcerting when parents—parents, of all persons!—can be authentically apprised that their children are qualified to come under the surgeon's knife, yet neglect to jump at the chance to range themselves and theirs definitely in line with the most advanced thought?

Operations in only a beggarly quarter of the cases amounts to a much more hideous stigma on our civilization than the thoughtful, at least, will enjoy contemplating.

Altruistic

"I HAVE been spending the week training a waitress."

"What for?"

"For the family she is now working for."



THE WEEK BEFORE CHRISTMAS

The Reduction Breakfast

PASS me the table scales, mother,
Hand me the thyroid drops.
I've lost a pound since yesterday,
So send away the chops.
Pour out the barley water, Jane,
Gladly I greet the morn;
Give me three grains of corn, mother,
Give me three grains of corn!

My waist is sinking in, mother,
My hips have fallen away;
I've hollows where I once had curves,
Serve me some shredded hay.
This cowless milk is excellent—
Non-nitrogenous, dry—
Then move the muffins further off
And push the pancakes by!

Feed me the carbo-hydrates, mother,
With a wafer saccharine;
Give me the London biscuit tin
They help to keep one lean
Tell Jane to take away the eggs,
And the Frnch fried things I scorn;
Give me three grains of corn, mother,
Only three grains of corn!

I thought I'd passed away, mother,
When I first began to hant;
I did not like the fattleless foods
Or the fluidless rations scant.
But I've shrunk like a sun-kissed lily
stalk
By the breezes over-borne—
So rest my head on your shoulder,
mother,
Give me three grains of corn!

Kate Masterson.

Yale Football Seats Disparaged

THE only vigorous Harvard remarks on the late Harvard-Yale football game that have appeared in print were in a letter to the *Boston Transcript* to the effect that the seats in the Yale field "are nothing less than yawning fire-traps," and that the Yale authorities take daring risks whenever they permit them to be filled.

Harvard sentiment seems to be that the football entertainment provided in New Haven for visitors from Boston is not worth so big a risk as those fire-trap seats compel.

By His Own Confession

September 30, 1910.

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE: The New York *Times* recently questioned the accuracy of *LIFE's* statement that babies were used for experimentation. Dr. A. H. Wentworth published an article in the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, August, 1896*, entitled "Some Experimental Work on Lumbar Puncture," and as such he speaks of it throughout. He records the puncture of forty-five children, but only gives the result of twenty-nine—five years of age and less—some of them punctured as many as four times. Of the twenty-nine children fourteen died—some on the day of puncture. Dr. Wentworth describes his first experiment as follows: "Immediately following this (the puncture), the patient showed alarming symptoms. Her pulse rose to two hundred and fifty beats a minute; she clutched at her hair, tossed herself about the bed and uttered sharp cries." The *Philadelphia Polyclinic*, a medical journal, says of these experiments: "Dr. Wentworth tapped experimentally the spinal canal of infants whose symptoms presented no indications for such a surgical procedure. Those operations were purely and avowedly experimental. The account of the action of this man is enough to justify the prejudice against the hospitals among the poor S. M. FARRELL.

We will add, just for cheerful reading, another paragraph from Dr. Wentworth's report.

Later History.—Upon inquiry it was learned that the infant died on April 21. There was a history of convulsions during the last few days.



"SEE 'RE NOW YOU, HIC, FELLESH. I CAN TELL BY Y'R LEGS YOU'VE HAD ENUFF!"



POPULAR ILLUSION

TAKING FIFTEEN YEARS OFF HER AGE

Ferrer As Revised By William Archer

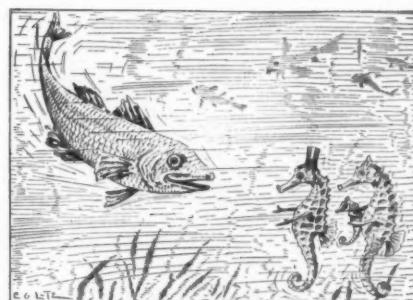
BECAUSE of dissatisfaction, especially among sundry Roman Catholic friends, with Percival Gibbon's story of Ferrer, that was originally published in *McClure's Magazine*, the magazine determined to overhaul the whole record of Ferrer's proceedings and trial, and sent William Archer, the dramatic critic, from London to do it. Mr. Archer's report ran in two sections in the November and December numbers of the magazine. He does not acquit anybody—not the Church in Spain, the government, nor even Ferrer. He thinks that if Ferrer had had a fair trial he might, possibly, have been convicted of punishable complicity in the Barcelona riots, but that he was not their "author and chief," as charged; that the evidence on which his conviction rested was mostly bad, and that he had

practically no chance to meet or refute it, and was railroaded to his death.

Mr. Archer finds Ferrer's system of education objectionable and thinks Spain was very patient with it. "Ferrer," he says, "was not a great educator; he was not a great man. His thought was crude, his methods were crude. But while he was intellectually mediocre his persecutors contrived to reveal in him a genuine moral greatness." There is ample warrant, he thinks, for calling Ferrer "the Spanish Dreyfus." "In each case we see militarism inspired by clericalism riding rough-shod over the plainest principles and practices of justice."

Mr. Archer had a hard task set him. We would like now to hear from Mr. McClure whether the remonstrants who protested against Mr. Gibbon's story are any better satisfied with Mr. Archer's. Do they still feel that the verdict of events that followed Ferrer's execution was based on perjured testimony?

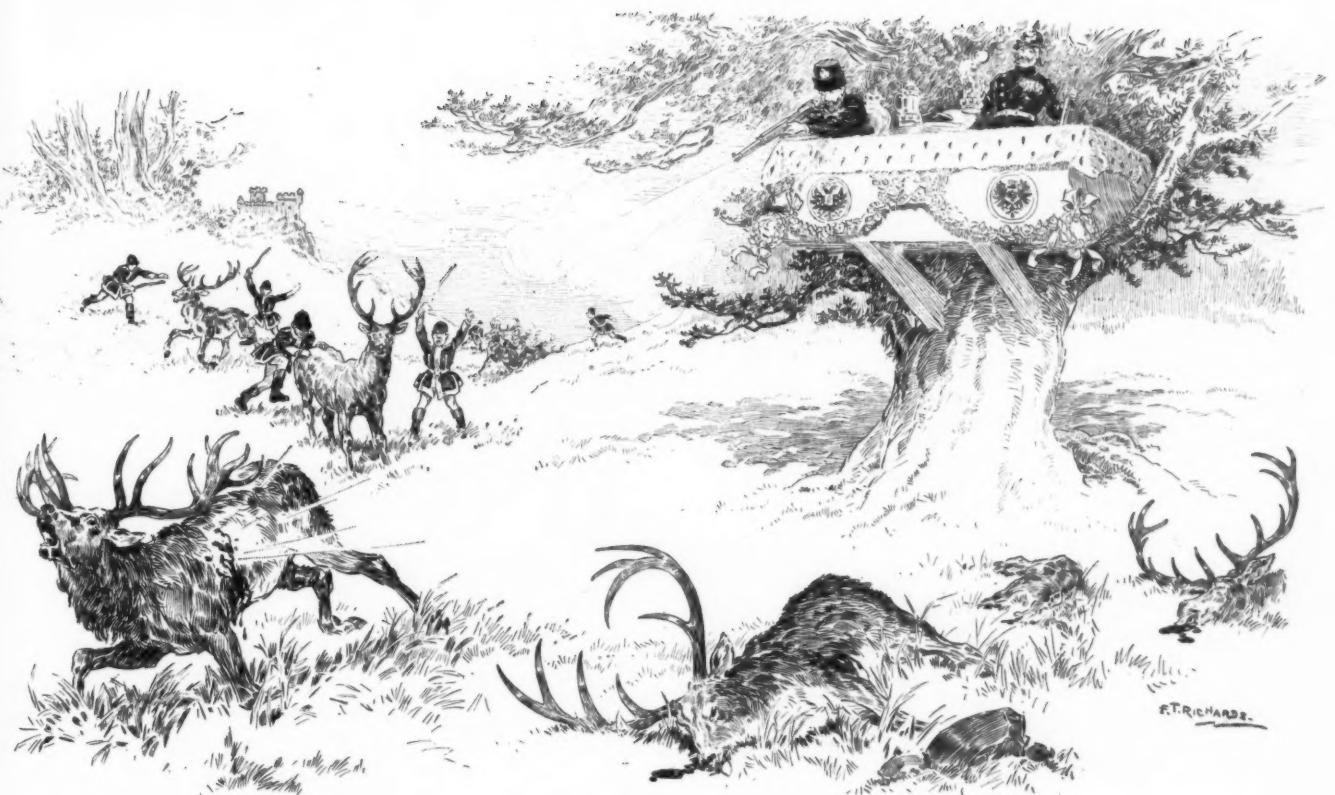
Probably they do, and will continue so to feel, and disclose no other public sentiment. But privately it may be they will deplore carelessness in the handling of schoolmasters.



"PLEASE, MR. FISH, LEND US YOUR SCALES?"

"WHAT FOR?"

"WE WANT TO WEIGH THE BABY."



RECENT PERILOUS PASTIMES OF THE CZAR AND THE KAISER

A Religious Trust

A MOVEMENT is on foot, backed by twenty-four well-known and respectable laymen and divines, "to bring about a union of the Christians of all the world—Protestants, Eastern Catholics, Roman Catholics, everybody, everywhere."

We do not doubt the integrity and sincerity of the men behind the project but we are too familiar with trust methods to view it with anything but alarm. It would be a good thing, of course, to cut down the expenses of equipping and maintaining churches, of raising preachers' salaries and missionary funds, but would not the temptation to raise the cost of salvation be too strong for these men to withstand?

It would be a good thing to unite all the branch, narrow-gauge roads to heaven into one great trunk line and to introduce the most up-to-date rapid transit wrinkles, but the idea of forcing small competing sects out of the salvation business is still abhorrent to our innate and constitutional sense of justice.

In times of religious panic, it would have a steady influence if our religious industry were strongly centralized, but, at the same time, to give a single board of directors power to shut down a large number of religious plants in a certain part of the country would tend toward dangerous favoritism.

It would be a good thing if all ministers received their orders from the same source, thus doing away with conflicting statements and increasing our reverence for their infallibility, but the danger would come in the chance that Russian or

Spanish Christians would get control of the organization and arbitrarily move us back into the seventeenth century.

It is a splendid idea to regulate our religious matters so that when a man goes to church or contributes to the expense fund it may be known to the entire organization, thus greatly increasing the return on his labor and his capital, but, at the same time, would it not be a violation of personal liberty and free competition thus practically to put non-churchgoers on the blacklist?

It would be well to go slowly.

E. O. J.



SUPPOSE THE INDIANS SHOULD GET HIM

Exit, Mrs. Eddy

MRS. EDDY, the organizer of Christian Science, dead this month in her ninetieth year, lived her time well out and demonstrated in her own person that the methods she advocated for the maintenance of health are not necessarily unhealthy to those who practice them.

More has been said and less known about her than about any surviving person that comes to mind. The facts of her life have been searched out and duly imparted in the magazines and newspapers. The theory and practice of the religio-medical system of which she was the head have been set forth in books that anyone may buy and read and understand if he is able. But for years past she has been a veiled prophetess, living in retirement, seldom seen, and an object of recurring speculations. How large or small a figure she really was, what part of her was quack, what part of her was seeress, how much she was a leader and how much a tool, are all matters about which opinions vary and which the public contemplates with philosophical curiosity.

At least she seems to have been a shrewd person. She traded in intangible commodities, gave satisfaction to her customers and made plenty of money. Her public utterances showed discretion and an excellent temper, and so far as outsiders could tell, she handled her affairs and those of her society with very good ability.

What effect her death will have on Christian Science, whether a new leader will succeed her, whether the persuasion will continue to spread or gradually decline, are all matters as to which it is less convenient to predict than to wait and see. Sound or not, Christian Science has held a light by which some obscure processes have been inspected at very moderate cost, considering the value, actual and potential, of the inspection. Any kind of a light may serve the turn of Truth for lack of a better one.

BURGLAR: Better tell me where the valuables are.

HOUSEHOLDER: Well, old man, here's the combination of the refrigerator.



"WHO HAD DE NOIVE TO TACK DIS UP ON ME SLEEPIN' QUARTERS?"



"I DON'T CARE!"

The Fault

THE fickle populace having smashed the popular idol, an interested observer asked:

"Why did you smash him?"

"Because he thought he was our popular idol," explains the fickle populace.

"But you made him your popular idol" objects the interested observer.

"True enough, but he took us seriously," explains the fickle public again.

Exclusive

THE NEW CURATE: And what are your leanings, Mrs. Abercrombie, high church or low?

MRS. ABERCROMBIE: Dear me, high, to be sure; I never could abide anything common or vulgar.

THE progress of religion is the history of heretics.

A Fable of Flames

THERE was once a man and a woman who loved and were married.

"We will love forever," said the man.

To keep the new hearth warm each brought a flame. And the man's flame was a mighty, roaring tongue of fire. But the woman's was smaller, steady and luminous.

These they placed upon the hearth.

"Look," said the man, "how much bigger mine is than yours. It will give more heat and last longer."

The man's flame was crimson. It licked out savagely with many tongues, and it gave out a smoke that all might see. The woman's was white and clear; and as there was no smoke none knew of it.

"Mine will burn without any care," said the man.

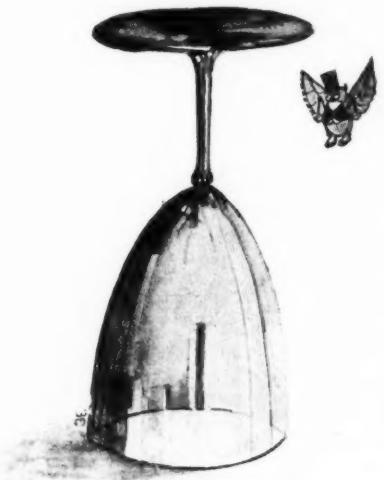
But the woman tended hers daily.

As time went on the man's flame varied. Now it soared up mightily, again it died down almost to extinction. The woman's burned alike, day and night, summer and winter. Yet the man cared not to add new fuel to his, nor to remove the choking ashes, nor to set the draughts aright. But all these things the woman did—yea, even to the neglecting of other duties.

And the man warmed his hands at his flame when he could, and went cold when he could not. But the woman kept her hands warm at her flame—yea, even to the neglecting of other joys.

Then presently the man's flame went out.

"See what you have done!" he said



Boozier Bill: Pshaw! just my luck to find the place closed.



HIS NIGHTMARE

Macbeth: SHAKE NOT THY GORY LOCKS AT ME. THOU CANST NOT SAY I DID IT.

angrily to the woman. Then he went to warm his hands at other firesides, complaining that his flame was dead. The woman kept her hands as warm as she could at the one small flame upon her hearth.

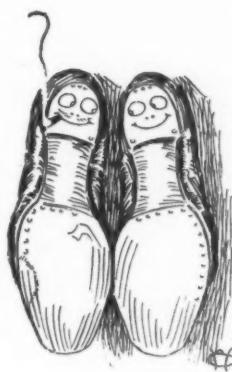
Then one day the man, bitten to the heart with a deadly cold, and denied at other hearthstones, came back to his own hearth.

"I am cold," he said; "warm me!"

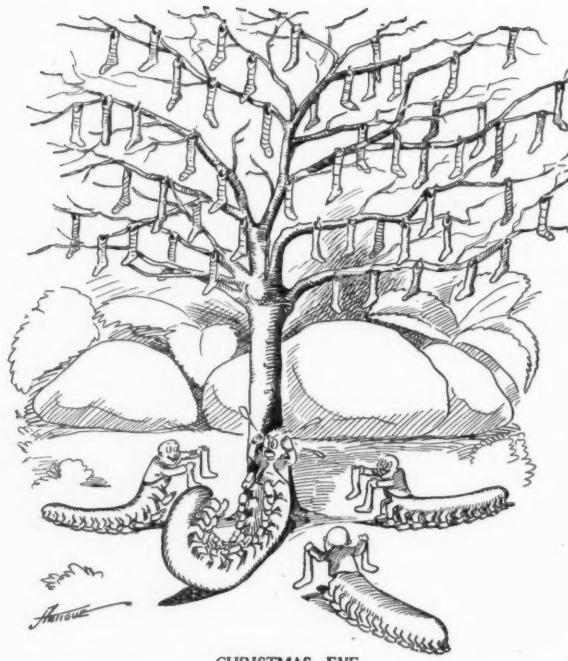
The woman held out to him her flame. She smiled. The man seized upon the flame and warmed his hands at it. But when in his eagerness he would have wrapped the flame in his bosom and kept it for his own use it went out.

Then the woman shivered.

She was cold. *Helen Coale Crew.*



SOUL MATES



CHRISTMAS EVE

Chorus: FATHER, HERE'S MORE STOCKINGS TO HANG UP.

Common Sense

BEFORE we can discuss this matter intelligently two questions must be answered: (1) Is common sense common? and (2) Is common sense sense?

If our census enumerators had asked every man and woman, "Have you common sense?" we would have discovered that common sense was not only common, but universal, for everyone would have answered yes. But if they had asked, "Has your neighbor common sense?" we would have found that very little common sense exists, that it was really the exclusive, private-keep-out property of the few.

That is to say, no matter how wise any of us may become, no matter how much uncommon sense we may accumulate, we always like to think it is built on a broad basis of common sense. On the other hand, if we want to be particularly biting in criticizing our neighbor, we say he lacks common sense, meaning usually that he is out of the insane asylum only because it is too much trouble to put him in.

Assuming, however, that common sense is really common, is it, therefore, necessarily sense; something to be proud of and to brag about? Just because a vast number of people do a thing a certain way, does that make the way sensible? Probably not. On the contrary, when a large number of people have reached the conclusion that a certain way is good, the chances are that some enterprising chap with uncommon sense has discovered a better way and only hesitates to speak of it because common sense is so haughty and so conservative and so intolerant. In other words, common sense is often antiquated good sense, good sense that has become nonsense through the ravages of time and progress.

Common sense, therefore, is responsible for two kinds of fools: those who think a sense is sensible because it is common, and those who think that anything uncommon is nonsense.

Another Step Toward Millennium

THOSE who believed we had reached the final stage in mental development when New Thought came on the scene were doomed to quick and decisive disappointment. We may admit, of course, that to reach New Thought from the days of Demosthenes and Cicero and Plato and Pericles was to come a very long way, but it was not to be all. Evolution never stops. There is now in New York, and possibly elsewhere, a church devoted to Advanced New Thought. And why not? Why shouldn't New Thought advance just the same as any other kind of thought? For that matter, why should not even Advanced New Thought advance until we have, say, Progressive Advanced New Thought, and then perhaps Reformed Progressive Advanced New Thought and then New Reformed Progressive Advanced New Thought, and so on *ad lib?*

A Good Phrase Misapplied

HOW entirely and scandalously the phrase muck-raking has been twisted out of its proper signification! The true muck-rakers, as Bunyan saw them, were the men blindly bent on money-getting, whom it is the office of the misnamed contemporary "muck-rakers" to attack. Bunyan's man with the muck-rake raked muck because it was rich. What our "muck-rakers" rake is mud, and they rake it because it is foul.

THE trouble with Santa Claus is that he is too much a respecter of persons.



"HELLO, JACK!"

"H-HOW-DO-YOU-DO-ER, BY JOVE, YOUR HAT IS VERY FAMILIAR, BUT I DON'T BELIEVE I CAN CALL YOUR NAME."



YOUNG SOFTLEIGH'S INSPIRATION

TO PRESENT HIMSELF, IN A BOX, AS A CHRISTMAS GIFT TO MISS VIOLET. IT IS A SENSATIONAL SUCCESS, BUT SHE MARS IT BY ANNOUNCING HER ENGAGEMENT TO THAT CHUMP OF A THOMPSON

The Deadly Parallel

A STUDY IN ENGLISH COMPOSITION

IN the eighth act Matty burned over three beauts and Wagner brutally assaulted the ambient atmosphere. Mike bingled a daisy-cutter down the right line and purloined the middle sack on the first teaser over the rubber. Collins solved a fade-away and sewed it up by stinging the pill to the flagpole and ambling around the circuit.

Why So Exclusive?

WELL," said Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, recently, "if you ask me, I see no reason why women shouldn't smoke cigarettes. Neither, I fancy, do any women of the better class in America, for I am quite sure they do it, and quite freely, too, in their own homes, although, of course, they refrain from smoking in public."

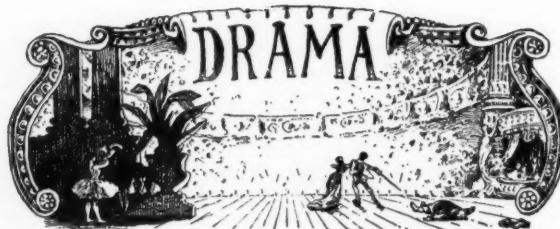
Of course they refrain in public, and it is undoubtedly all right to so refrain; but why? Is it because they are of the

JINKS schlaffed his tee shot into the Devil's Den, going to the sixteenth and messed his niblick recover. His brassey fourth connected with the kop bunker and he lifted. Jones got away a screamer and was on in three with a nifty mashie pitch. He rimmed his approach putt, sank his next for a bogey five and was dormie two.

better class, or because they are women, or because the public is the public? We do not like to be too finicky about a matter of this sort, but, while we are on the subject, we might as well have whatever reasons there may be.



The Foal: WELL, CALVES' BRAINS MAY BE ALL RIGHT ON THE BILL OF FARE, BUT I GUESS THAT'S ALL THEY'RE GOOD FOR



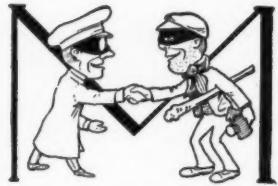
Complimentary to the Bard of Avon



IN the Bible there is a statement that a certain wicked town would not be destroyed by divine wrath if some one could pick out among its inhabitants even ten godly persons. On the same theory this town of New York is not entirely to be blotted off the map of intelligence since it could pack the big Broadway Theatre with audiences for "Macbeth." The play has not a vestige of humor; Mr. Sothern's staging, although elaborate, is not spectacular, and there is no reason, outside of its being Shakespeare, and that it is given an adequate presentation, why New Yorkers should leave the flesh-pots of slangy farce and the chorus-girl shows to sit through this gory tragedy. The fact that New York has given material support to this undertaking of Mr. Sothern's is reason for the metropolis to pat itself on the back and puff out with a consciousness of theatrical mentality.

The Sothern-Marlowe production of the classic is complete in scene and costume and the play is interpreted in the lesser rôles by a company which is well rehearsed and gives a fairly understandable reading of the lines. It is a very even performance because no member of the cast stands out by marked excellence or incompetence. Mr. Sothern's *Macbeth* is not a monumental or wonderfully moving impersonation. He has freed his elocution from the regularly recurring cadences which disfigured his diction in other rôles and gets his meanings to his hearers with clearness. No one takes from what Mr. Sothern does the feeling that it is a great emotional impersonation, but rather the idea that it is an intelligent one. Nor does Miss Marlowe stir the feelings of her auditors. She is picturesque and womanly, perhaps too modernly feminine for a character which belongs in the grim school of the staikest tragedy.

Perhaps we have all grown too far beyond the old conventions to be carried away in feeling by "Macbeth." It seems almost an impossibility to step from the modern life of Broadway across a narrow threshold into a belief or imagination of the reality of the feelings sought to be depicted in "Macbeth." Therefore is it the greater surprise that in New York to-day it could be played to full houses.



R. SHERLOCK HOLMES, as portrayed by Mr. William Gillette, seems to have lost none of his former power to interest. Neither the play nor the depiction has grown old-fashioned. Its surprises are just as surprising as ever and every one of Mr. Gillette's stage

tricks is as effective as when the play was first produced. How much of this is due to the author and how much to Mr.

Gillette's technical knowledge of how to utilize stage resources is shown by a comparison with the very recent melodrama which Dr. Conan Doyle himself crudely constructed out of another Sherlock Holmes story under the title of "The Speckled Band."



MME. SARAH BERNHARDT could have given Ponce de Leon some valuable hints. If he could have learned from her her own secrets of perpetual youth he would not have had to go poking around the swamps of Florida for a mythical fountain, nor would his name be now associated with the tip-chasing bell-boys of the winter hotels.

Mme. Bernhardt shows evidence of her advanced years in her inability to move about, but this failing is minimized by not offensive devices. Her voice has the same sweetness and the same force, as occasion requires, and from neither speech nor look is there departed a particle of the former charming alertness. Her power to move her audiences is undiminished and her vigor is attested by the fact that during some weeks she appears ten times and in a different play at almost every performance. Nature and art have both been kind to Mme. Bernhardt.



WITH considerable ingenuity the aeroplane has at last been utilized as a theatrical "prop." It shares the honors of "The Aviator" equally with Mr. Wallace Edinger, the star, and a numerous company of actors. After two acts of innocuous talk and not very entertaining incident, the farcical comedy gets under way in the third with the display of a Bleriot machine, its wings somewhat clipped to suit stage measurements, being groomed by its mechanicians for a flight into the empyrean. The start is made in the sight of the audience and the news of the flight and the landing go to make up a laughable fourth act.

The story rests on the writing of a best-seller entitled "The



"FOR TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS I'LL FIX YOUR TEETH SO YOU CAN CHEW WITHOUT DIFFICULTY."

"IF I WAS TO GIVE YOU TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS I COULDN'T GET NOTHIN' TO CHEW ON."



Mr. Lion: LOOK HERE, WAITER, IF YOU DON'T HURRY THAT ORDER OF MINE I'LL EAT YOUR CUSTOMERS BEFORE THEY PAY THEIR BILL!

"Aviator," by the hero. He knows nothing about flying from experience, but to maintain his reputation as an author with the young women readers of his book is compelled to embark and start away. Out of this material Mr. James Montgomery, the author of the play, has managed to create an evening's mild amusement.



THE multiplicity of theatrical offerings crowds LIFE's limited space so that mention of the really unusual opera-drama or drama-opera, "The Girl of the Golden West," must go over to the week of stage dullness which comes at Christmas.



M. ALBERT CHEVALIER is one of the few vaudeville artists who from time to time by sheer artistic accomplishments are able to attract to the music hall patrons who do not ordinarily

frequent those places of amusement. His costermonger songs have become famous on two continents. In the play of which he is part author and star he has been wise enough to make opportunity for performance of a few of the numbers on which rests his earlier reputation.

"Daddy Dufard" tells the story of the efforts of an old retired French actor, resident in London, to secure a place on the vaudeville stage for a daughter whom he has trained in its requirements. This involves scheming and plotting for an opening which is at last secured and we are taken back of the scenes of one of the big music halls on the occasion of her débüt. This makes an interesting setting for the action and also allows for a very ingenious doubling by Mr. Chevalier *in propria persona*, in his music hall make-up and as Dufard.

In the last, which is the real creation of the play, Mr. Chevalier has something the same kind of a rôle as that of Mr. Warfield in "The Music Master," partly humorous and partly pathetic. Neither

parts nor performance are to be compared, however, although Mr. Chevalier makes his old Frenchman a lovable and amusing character. The supporting company is competent and as an evening's clean diversion "Daddy Dufard" is quite worth seeing.

Metcalfe.



Astor—"The Aviator," with Mr. Wallace Eddinger. See above.

Belasco—"The Concert." Well staged, well acted and cleverly written light comedy, dealing in laughable and satirical fashion with one phase of woman's hero-worship.

Bijou—Miss Zelda Sears in "The Nest Egg." Diverting light comedy of American rural life, with an unusually clever piece of character work by the star.

Broadway—Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe in repertory. See above.

Casino—"He Came from Milwaukee." Mr. Sam Bernard as the dialect star in the usual kind of a musical show.

Comedy—Mr. William Collier in "I'll Be Hanged if I Do." Amusing medium for the display of Mr. Collier's individual methods of fun-making.

Criterion—"The Commuters." Slangy but somewhat amusing exploitation of the methods of the suburbanite.

Daly's—"Baby Mine." Clever farcical comedy based on a disagreement in early married life.

Empire—Mr. William Gillette in repertory of former successes. See above.

Gaiety—"Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford." The confidence game turned into rather rough but laughable stage material.

Garrick—Annie Russell in "The Impostor." Notice later.

Globe—Madame Bernhardt in repertory. See above.

Hackett—Mr. Albert Chevalier in "Daddy Dufard." See above.

Herald Square—Lulu Glaser in "The Girl and the Kaiser." Well staged comic opera, with tuneful Hungarian music by Jarno.

Hippodrome—Abundance of brilliant entertainment in the way of spectacle, ballet and circus.

Hudson—Blanche Bates in "Nobody's Widow." Extremely light but diverting American comedy, well acted.

Knickerbocker—"The Foolish Virgin," with Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Notice later.

Lyceum—"The Importance of Being Earnest." The wittiest of Oscar Wilde's plays pleasantly performed.

Lyric—Mrs. Carter in "Two Women," by Mr. Rupert Hughes. A very good play to keep away from.

Majestic—"The Blue Bird." Spectacular and well presented production of Maeterlinck's poetic and fairy allegory.

Maxine Elliott's—"The Gamblers." Good drama of contemporary business life, excellently done.

Nazimova—"Drifting." Notice later.

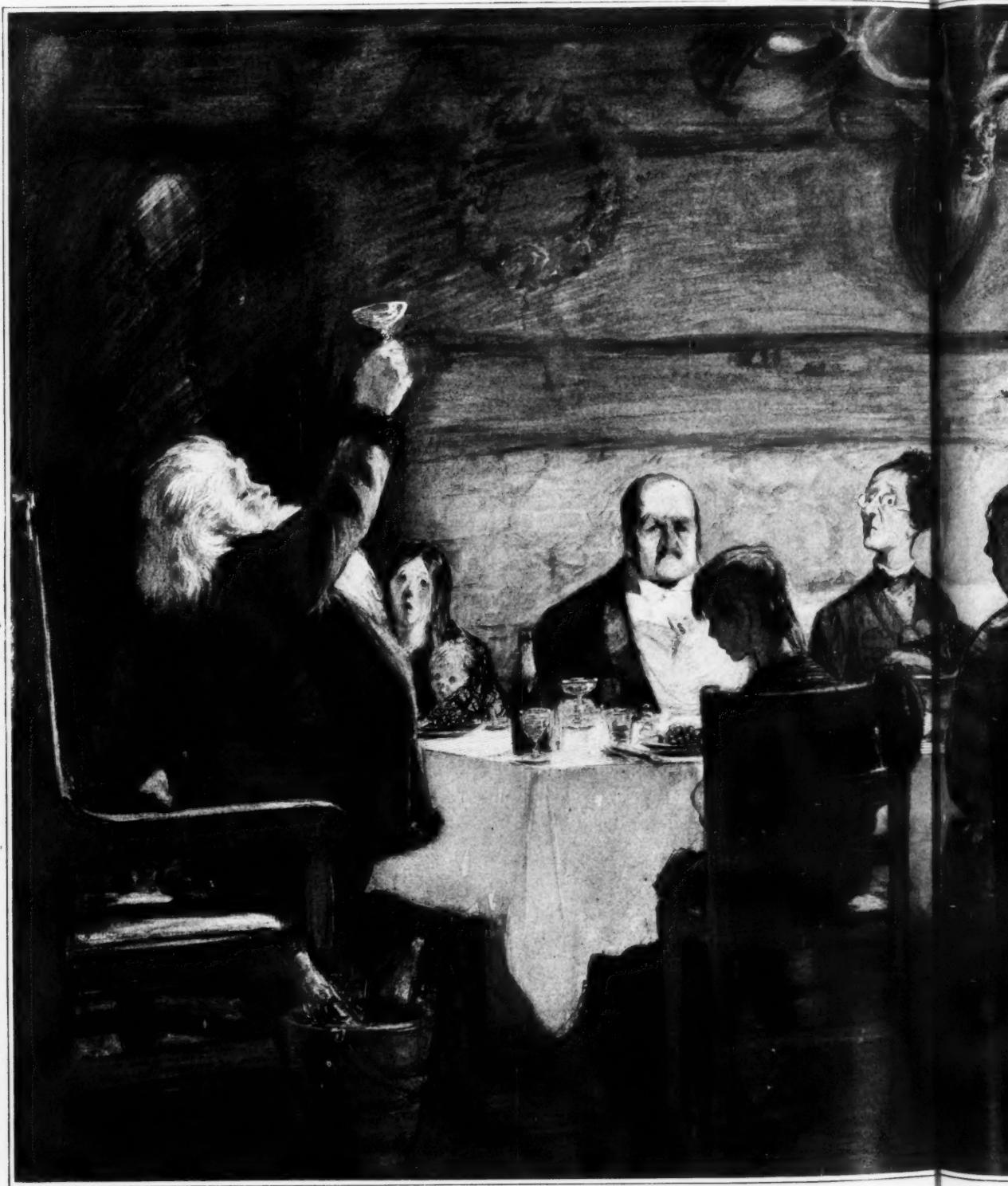
New—"Old Heidelberg," by the company. Notice later.

Republique—"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." The stage version of the little girl drama of a New England village. Refreshingly done.

Wallack's—"Pomander Walk," by Mr. Louis N. Parker. Notice later.

Weber's—"Alma, Where Do You Live?" Not clever farce with catchy music.

LIFE



To the Leftover

• LIFE •



To the Leftovers

Priscilla Airs Serious Ideas



DON'T think for a minute, dear sisters, that because I write for *LIFE* I have any sympathy with the silly pictures and jokes it prints against our sacred cause. I agree perfectly with our courageous sister, Mrs. Huntley Russell, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, who wrote a letter, recently printed in this periodical, saying that *LIFE* is not indispensable and that the Suffragettes in Michigan have not yet "got busy" with *LIFE*'s subscription list.

There is a grand thought! Threaten every paper which dares say a word against the privilege of the more seasoned members of our sex to get out and make ourselves conspicuous. Have no mercy for any old publication which advocates the idea that woman's strongest power is in her womanliness. The true mission of woman in this world is to get her name into the newspapers. Sensationalism is the greatest lever of modern times. The woman who stays quietly at home and does her duty as a wife and mother is a fool. I know no more inspiring spectacle than a pretty and well-bred young girl putting on near-masculine attire and helping us older and more experienced females to attract attention to ourselves.

Pass the word. Boycott *LIFE*. Boycott every shop which dares put out the sign "Men's Furnishing Goods." Let there be no distinction of sex. We are quite as good

as men and a great deal better. Let us boycott everything and everybody who does not believe in "Votes for Women." Men are tyrants and the American woman is a down-trodden slave. I could write more on this topic, but I must stop now, as I read in the morning newspaper that there are bargain sales of hobble skirts at all the department stores.

Thousands of words about trifles in President Taft's message and not one about the greatest question of the day. He's a man.

A silly story is going the rounds of the newspapers to the effect that a Parisian man-modiste recently went crazy, and being confined in an asylum for the insane spent his time in his cell drawing pictures on the walls of designs for the hats and gowns which have been adopted in Paris and therefore in America as the latest fashions. This is perfectly absurd. Everyone knows that the hats and gowns now being worn by American women are perfect demonstrations of woman's superior intellectuality. Can anyone seeing a woman board a street-car in a hobble-skirt deny this? I should very much like to see a mere man try to do the same thing.

In one of the current plays called "Mother," the heroine, a foolish female person who impoverishes herself to keep her son from going to jail, is represented as saying: "In every woman's life there are only two great moments—when she gives her first kiss to her lover, and when she gives her first kiss to her own first child. Not much of a destiny, is it? But that is pretty near the sum total of our lives—and the woman who misses them, no matter how much else she may be, how much else she may succeed, she is still a failure."

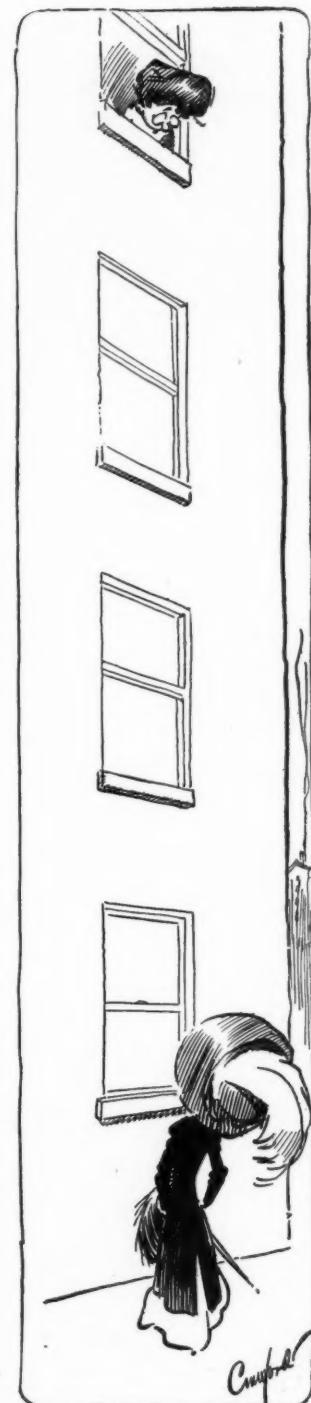
Did anyone ever hear such trash? The proudest moment in a woman's life is, when she is making an impassioned appeal for Votes for Women from a dry-goods box on a Bowery corner, to hear some silly man say, 'Ah, there! Good-morning, Carrie.'

There's no logic in the claim that to vote is a privilege, not a right. It's true that in times gone by men were fighters and protectors and that most of the peace and quiet we now enjoy were won by men who wrought and fought while silly women made homes and cared for children. To-day the greatest victories are gained by talking, and is there a man on earth who can out-talk a woman? This is the century of talking instead of fighting. It is the era of woman.

PRISCILLA JAWBONES.



A CALIFORNIA GARDEN



"DROP IN AND SEE ME SOME TIME."

"WHO DO YOU THINK I AM?
THE WRIGHT BROTHERS?"



A LOVE STORY

As to Rabies

SOME months since a police officer in London was bitten by a woman who demanded a fair shake politically and showed other violent symptoms. The officer was not subjected to the Pasteur treatment, nor, for that matter, was the woman shot and her brain sent to the bacteriological laboratory—in short, none of the conventional measures was taken; yet nothing, it would appear, developed.

The truth seems to be that genuine rabies is a much rarer malady than is popularly supposed. Probably the police officer kept his head, looked well to his diet, exercise, etc., and so came off unscathed. Nine times out of ten these simple precautions are quite sufficient.

“HE has a large family of daughters, hasn’t he?”
“Dear me, yes.”
“What are they—going out or coming in?”

“SAY, papa, I’ve been out all the afternoon.”
“And what wonderful thing did you see?”
“I saw a horse.”

The Answer is Obvious

THE Erie Railroad has just caused the following to be posted conspicuously in its waiting-rooms:

To the Public and Erie Railroad Employees:

WHEN THE COMPANY IS NOT MAKING MONEY ARE YOU?

Of course not, dear Erie. How can you be perplexed over such a simple matter? Even a child could see that the more money you take from the public or withhold from your employees, the less money you make. The less wages a railroad employee gets the better off he is. The more a public pays in railroad fares and rates the more it has left. This may be expressed arithmetically by the equation four minus two equals six.

And there is still another question which you might have asked in addition to that of dollars and cents: “If we take the money which the public pays and, instead of renewing our antique equipment, distribute it all in dividends on watered stock, is the public more comfortable?”

To this question the answer would be yes. The comfort of the public would be much greater than if the roadbeds were smooth, the engines capable of starting a train at the first effort and the car seats clean and of a modern pattern, which more prodigal railroads affect.

Ellis O. Jones.



“YES, GEORGE, IT WAS A GREAT IDEA TO HAVE A CHRISTMAS TREE FOR THE CHILDREN.”



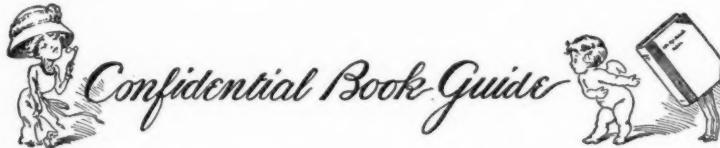
IRISE to a point of information. Does the title of this column refer exclusively to the latest books that have issued from the press, or does it include the latest books that have entered into public consciousness? The propriety of this paragraph depends upon the reply, for it deals with Samuel Butler's posthumous novel, *The Way of All Flesh* (E. P. Dutton & Co., \$1.50), published in England soon after the author's death in 1902, flung in the inattentive public's face by G. B. Shaw in 1907, in his *First Aid to Critics*, and now unexpectedly (like a seventeen-year locust) emerged from its chrysaloid into its winged phase. There is, when the history of the work is considered, a suggestion of the uncanny about it. It was written, slowly, between 1872 and 1884. It treats of life in England between 1807 and 1867. And it is addressed to the thought and understanding of that tomorrow upon which we are impinging. In short, it is a message from the early nineteenth century delivered to the early twentieth century by a man who stood half way between the two, seeing the wise foolishness in the dogmatism of the one and foreseeing the foolish wisdom in the idealism of the other. The book contains the imaginary memoirs of an old bachelor who has been associated, as child and man, with four generations of an English family of humble origin but considerable attainments. It is genuinely creative in its characterizations; is modernly disdainful of the meretricious accessories of plot, climax and denouement, and is crammed with commentative asides and semi-didactic dissertations that alternately move us to chortle over their keenness and to ponder upon their wise reactionary implications.

MRS. HAVELOCK ELLIS and Charles Marriott have each recently paid Edward Carpenter the compliment of an intellectual curtsy—Mrs. Ellis in one of the essays in her *Three Modern Seers* (Mitchell Kennerley, \$1.25), and Mr. Marriott in his oddly but agreeably flavored novel, *Now* (John Lane, \$1.50). The latter, for all its somewhat slow movement and rambling progress, should be smilingly appreciated by such non-conforming but interested observers of this helter-skelter age as retain, while unmilitantly devel-

oping their own heterodoxies, an associational sympathy with orthodox worldly wisdom. For *Now* is a tale of self-satisfied sophistication bewildered by the divine folly of the simple minded, and one must needs be an offensive partisan of neither side if one is rightly to enjoy its passing appositeness. The story is told—with a leisurely inconsecutiveness that is sometimes trying to the patience—by a friend and brevet “uncle” of the Kenwyn-Brown family (delightful exemplars of that progressive conservatism that is equally aghast at seeing new ideas rejected or put into practice) and who is also a member in good standing of a secret order of social secessionists who have quietly decided to take the millennium now rather than to wait till they get it. The Kenwyn-Browns have a daughter, Julia, who is a secessionist duckling somehow hatched among the proper chickens, and the tale turns upon her efforts to keep away from the water. The book will wholly satisfy neither the fictional gourmand nor the interpretative epicure. It is likely to prove caviar to the general, yet it is not Russian caviar. Nevertheless, it has sturgeon roe in it and it makes a very tasty sandwich.

MRS. ELLIS'S *Three Modern Seers* contains essays upon James Hinton, Friederich Nietzsche and Edward Carpenter, the first of which is by so much the most carefully elaborated that the other two are really little more than corollaries of comparison. The book has a value and an interest that are fortuitous rather than intrinsic, but that are none the less legitimate on that account. For it offers us the untrammeled opinion of a thoughtful woman upon the sex-philosophy of these iconoclasts who are at once primitives and prophets. And it so happens that this kind of opinion upon this department of philosophy is something that our present open-mindedness is very anxious to have, while our past prudery has made it a most difficult thing for us to get. The Anglo-Saxon world, indeed, is in much the same dilemma as a tyrannical parent who has systematically discouraged the spontaneous confidences of his children and who suddenly becomes interested in their intellectual reactions. It must be thankful for such occasional spontaneity as is vouchsafed it until the *bona fides* of its new attitude is convincingly established.

J. B. Kerfoot.



The Ascending Effort, by George Bourne. An original and suggestive discussion upon the psychological sources of taste, the practical uses of art, and their relation to human progress.

A Man's Man, by Ian Hay. A happy-go-lucky tale of undergraduate life, adventure and love, by the author of *The Right Stuff*.

Among Friends, by Samuel McChord Crothers. Nine new essays by a writer who is “among friends” everywhere in America.

Clayhanger, by Arnold Bennett. A subjective study of a “sat-upon” personality. Abnormally long, but correspondingly interesting.

The Creators, by May Sinclair. A subtle, because unintended, satire upon the literary life of the day in London.

The Greatest Wish in the World, by E. Temple Thurston. A little romance that wears its heart on its sleeve but is happy-hearted for all that.

The Husband's Story, by David Graham Phillips. In which the author of *New Wives*

for Old asks the American Woman to turn the other cheek.

Good Men and True, by E. M. Rhodes. An amusing mix-up in Texas, told by a new writer.

The Island of Stone Money, by William Henry Furness 3rd. Two months among friendly natives in the Caroline Islands.

The Luxury of Children, by Edward Sandford Martin. Fourteen delectable essays upon parental problems and privileges.

Now, by Charles Marriott. See above.

Rewards and Fairies, by Rudyard Kipling. Another “Seeing Old England” trip with Puck of Pook’s Hill.

Tales of Men and Ghosts, by Edith Wharton. Short stories of exceptional polish but vanishing significance.

Three Modern Seers, by Mrs. Havelock Ellis. See above.

The Way of All Flesh, by Samuel Butler. See above.

The Whistler Book, by Sadakichi Hartman. A commentary of uneven quality containing passages of genuine critical value.



Success!

Railroads Made Easy

At last I understand all about railroads. The other day I was fortunate enough to meet a railroad man who took the trouble to explain them to me, and, by the way, if everyone were as careful as that and would go to headquarters for information, there would not be so much confused thought about our great questions. I do not quote his exact words, but the following is the substance of his explanation.

He said that every railroad had what it called a per ton mile. Sometimes this was longer than at other times, but no matter how long it was, any railroad man, from office boy to president, could tell just by looking at it how much shippers ought to be charged and what stockholders and bondholders ought to receive on their investments.

But I must not think that the per ton mile was all, he said. In addition, I must always bear in mind that there were a long haul and a short haul. The directors and the majority stockholders get the long haul and the minority stockholders get the short haul, if any. He also cautioned me not to confuse the short haul with the short end, which went to the shippers and travelers.

From this, he explained, it was very easy to figure the cost of construction, putting the capitalization per ton mile on one side and the terminal facilities on the other and then, using that as a starting point, it is easy to determine how much a shipper can be forced to pay without going into bankruptcy.

When he had finished I asked, merely to clinch the matter, whether it was true that the aim of the railroads in every case was to be absolutely fair and just toward the riding and shipping public.

He assured me that it was invariably true whenever necessary.

Franklin Gayforth.

Why Vaccination is Absolutely Necessary

I am vaccinated..... \$2.00
You are vaccinated..... 2.00
He is vaccinated..... 2.00

Doctor gets..... \$6.00
Every person in New York City is vaccinated (at wholesale rates):
Doctor gets \$4,756,883.
Every person in the United States is vaccinated (at wholesale rates):
Doctor gets about \$100,000. 000.

I am not vaccinated... \$0.00
You are not vaccinated. 0.00
He is not vaccinated... 0.00

Doctor gets..... \$0.00
They are not vaccinated:

Doctor gets \$0,000,000.
They are not vaccinated:

Doctor gets \$0,000,000.



"YOU POOR THING! COME RIGHT OVER HERE AND DRY YOUR FEET ON THE HOTEL REGISTER."

Life's Family Album



W. T. Larned

Have you ever taken a trip on a Staten Island ferryboat? We did the other day, in search of Mr. Larned. We noted that everything was much improved since Mr. Larned took up his residence there. For example, the mosquitoes were all gone. We discovered Mr. Larned sitting on top of one of the hills, looking down disconsolately on the distant Statue of Liberty.

"Your proofreader—" he began.

"We know all about that. We have suffered ourselves. Where were you first born?"

"In St. Louis; son of Col. Charles Trowbridge Larned, great-grandson of Auguste Chouteau, who, with Laclède, founded St. Louis. Spent boyhood in Louisville, Detroit, Leavenworth, St. Paul, Washington, Virginia, New York, Georgetown University. Government clerk, fence rider for English cattle company, farmer out West, reporter for St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, alleged dramatic editor for three years, administered last rites to St. Louis *Spectator*, planned irrigation project, afterward magazine work, *Evening Mail* staff, member of American Dramatists' and Composers' Society; address for bill collectors, Greater New York; for authors and publishers with libel suits, *LIFE*, and—"

"Hold on there!" we exclaimed. "This is no Who's Who."

"What would you really like to know?"

"Well, for example, how old are you?"

"Haven't the slightest idea. It was all down in a family Bible, but this book was borrowed by some Nez Percé Indians when on a visit to St. Louis and no record remains."

"But we can't go on, Mr. Larned, unless we know. Give us a dim idea."

"Oh, say between thirty and forty."

"What works?"

"I wrote *The Devil*, or adapted it for George Arliss, from the Hungarian of Molnar-Konta."

"Oh, so you did! We remember there were two of them running in New York at the same time."

"Yes. It isn't the first time that two devils have been loose in New York."

"And your Literary Zoo? You started it in *LIFE* in—"

"1907."

"And your delightful style?"



Early Bird: WELL, HERE IT IS NINE O'CLOCK, AND THAT DARNED WORM HASN'T SHOWN UP YET.

"Well, you know I read *LIFE* for some years before I began writing for it."

"To be sure."

"What are your principal recreations?"

"Horseback riding, cotton speculation, and trying to place the proofreading in *LIFE* on a higher plane."

LIFE'S INFALLIBLE FORTUNE TELLER

If you were born on

December



Your future wife will be a dress-reformer and, while you may approve of it in theory, you will often wonder why she is not like other girls.

22



Your future husband will find his principal recreation in playing the trombone. You will have no difficulty in securing a legal separation with a handsome allowance.



Your future wife will have a flirtatious nature and the green-eyed monster will have a meal-ticket in your household.

23



Your future husband will invariably be late for meals and the servant-problem will compel you to locate your domestic hearthstone in a hotel.



Your future wife will be of an economic turn of mind and insist on your wearing home-made shirts of her own architecture and construction.

24



Your future husband will have passed to the other shore before your earthly paths have a chance to cross. You will meet him at a spiritualistic seance.



AT THE WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE CLUB

"IT IS STUPID, ISN'T IT? BUT BE SURE AND COME NEXT WEEK, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A MAN."



The Hunters

A hunter popped a partridge on a hill;
It made a great to-do, and then was still.
It seems (when later on his bag he spied)
It was the guide.

One shot a squirrel in a near-by wood—
A pretty shot, off-hand, from where he
stood.
(It wore, they said, a shooting hat of
brown,
And lived in town.)

And one dispatched a rabbit for his haul
That later proved to measure six feet
tall;
And, lest you think I'm handing you a
myth—
Its name was Smith.

Another Nimrod slew the champion fox.
He glimpsed him lurking in among the
rocks.
One rapid shot! It never spoke nor
moved,
The inquest proved.



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Subscribe to LIFE for your friends



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• LIFE •

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AS A

Merry Christmas
TO

FROM

If you wish to use LIFE as a Christmas gift, we will be pleased to send one of these cards for each subscription, together with an appropriate Christmas envelope.

A copy of our Premium Picture "DEAR" OR "DEAREST" is included with each yearly subscription.

Subscription, \$5.00
Canadian 5.52
Foreign 6.04

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
17 West 31st Street, New York

A "cautious" man espied a gleam of brown;
Was it a deer—or Jones, a friend from town?
But while he pondered by the river's rim

Jones potted him
—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Cheerful Optimist

Mayor William S. Jordan, at a Democratic banquet in Jacksonville, said of optimism:

"Let us cultivate optimism and hopefulness. There is nothing like it. The optimistic man can see a bright side to everything—everything."

"A missionary in a slum once laid his hand on a man's shoulder and said:

"Friend, do you hear the solemn ticking of that clock? Tick-tack; tick-tack. And oh, friend, do you know what day it inexorably and relentlessly brings nearer?"

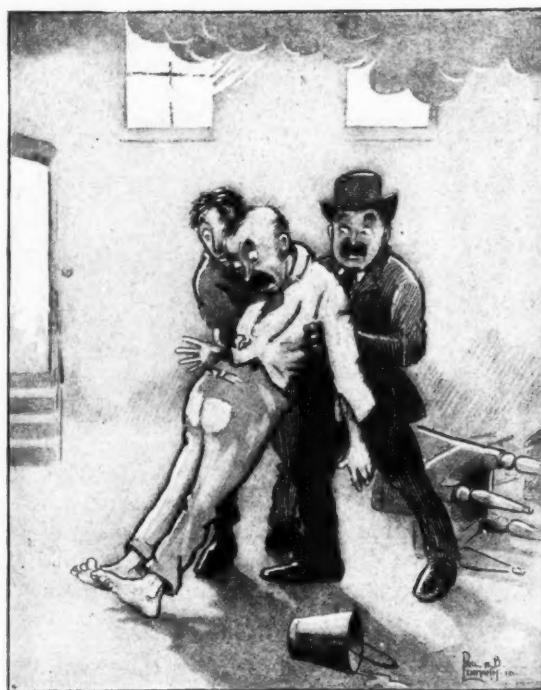
"Yes—pay day," the other, an honest, optimistic workingman, replied."

—Detroit Free Press.

"And you really think, doctor, that you must perform the operation to-day?"

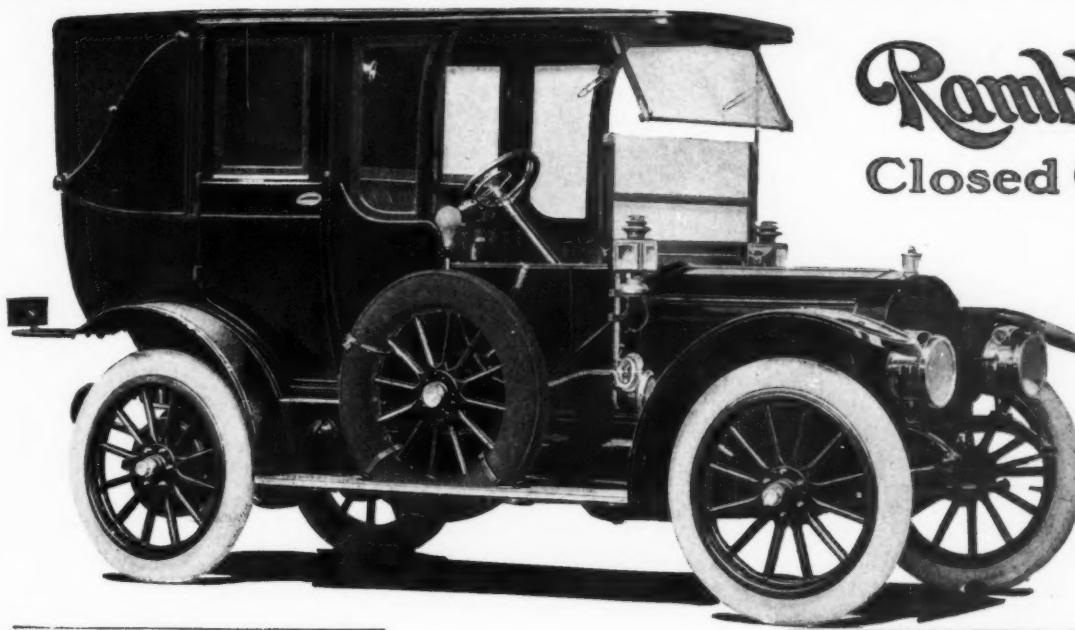
"Oh, yes. There may be no necessity for it to-morrow"

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



The Rescuers: YOU ARE SAFE, NOW. NOT HURT, ARE YOU?

"AH, NO. AHM—NOT HURT (catches sight of his nether garments). EH—SNAKES! ARVE BEEN AN' GOT A MIGHTY TWIST!"



Rambler
Closed Cars

Rambler
Sixty-three
Town Car

WITH a closed car the charm of motoring may be enjoyed throughout the winter. Daily rides may be taken in comfort, regardless of the weather. Necessary errands become a pleasure. With storm curtains between the glass front and cab seats, protection is afforded all passengers. On pleasant days the top may be folded back. The Spare Wheel eliminates worry about tire trouble. It can be so easily and quickly changed, regardless of snow, water or ice. The thirty-six-inch wheels with 4½-inch tires; seven-eighths rear springs, with shock absorbers, produce gratifying comfort. The trimming is leather inside and out. Seating capacity seven. Flexibility provided by the offset crank shaft and straight-line drive, that permits operation in high gear no faster than a man usually walks, particularly adapts this car to town use.

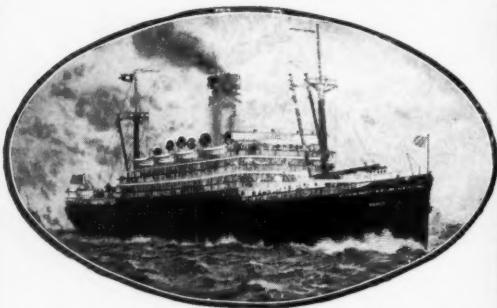
Rambler closed cars are made in landaulet, limousine, town car and coupe styles. You may inspect them at Rambler branches and dealers stores in principal cities.

The Thomas B. Jeffery Company

Main Office and Factory, Kenosha, Wisconsin
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America's Quaintest Carnival—New Orleans SOUTHERN PACIFIC

S.S. "CREOLE,"
from NEW YORK, Feb. 22d **Special Round Trip Rate** Including two days' board
on ship at New Orleans

For sales and reservations address: L. H. Nutting, G. P. A., 366 and 1158 or 1 Broadway, New York



A Shame

WARDEN: No'm; the guy that killed his family ain't here no more. The Gov'-nor pardoned him.

THE VISITOR: What a shame. I've brought him a lot of roses! What other murderers have you?—*Cleveland Leader*.

Pertinent

It is taking some time for the flood of stories anent the discovery of the North Pole to sweep past. Along comes this belated one from old Kentucky:

The owner of a plantation said to a favorite darky:

"Mose, they've discovered the North Pole."

"Deed!" exclaimed the old negro. "Where at?"—*Everybody's Magazine*.

His Wife

"WHAT do you do for a living, Mose?"

"I'se de manager ob a laundry."

"What's the name of this laundry?"

"Eliza Ann."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Overheard on a Railway Train

THE VIRTUOSO: He paid \$4,000 for a Whistler.

THE DRUMMER: Gee! You can get a Singer for about fifty dollars.

—*Brooklyn Life*.

Caroni Bitters—One (1) pony glass before meals. Best Tonic and Appetizer. No home without it. Oct. C. Blache & Co., 78 Broad St., N. Y., Gen'l Distrs.

MRS. HOYLE: Your husband's business keeps him out of town all the week, I understand?

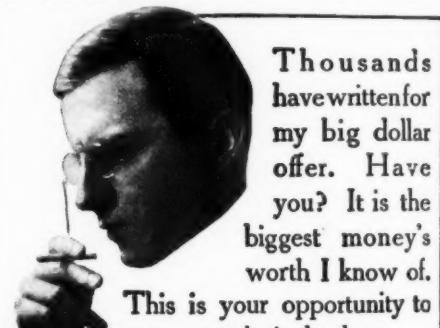
MRS. DOYLE: Yes, he is at home only one day; I call him my Sunday supplement.—*New York Press*.

Did Mrs. Lowell Pardon Him?

"Simplicity" is a relative term when applied to one's manner of living. There are those to whom it means dinners of not more than four courses, and to others it may signify a bowl of bread and milk on the kitchen table. An amusing story of James Russell Lowell and an English earl, which is reprinted in the *Louisville Times*, is apropos of this reflection.

One day Lowell met in Boston an English peer, who had been a great friend of his in London, and he invited the peer out to Cambridge to dinner. About this he had some misgivings, for he lived very simply, keeping only one servant. He even went so far as to say, as the horse-car jangled Cambridgeward:

"You know, Lord Blank, we are very



Thousands
have written for
my big dollar
offer. Have
you? It is the
biggest money's
worth I know of.
This is your opportunity to
prove conclusively that

MAKAROFF RUSSIAN CIGARETS

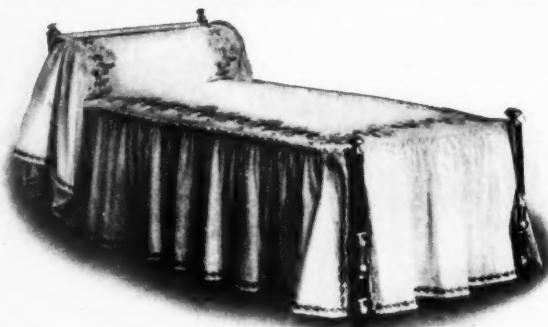
15c
And a
Quarter
Ask
Your
Dealer

are all that we claim for them, and
we claim a lot. Better write today.

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Queen Anne Couch Beds in both Brass and Enamel, Colonial effects. Photograph and prices on application.

**Madison Ave. & 34th St.
New York City**

78-80 Washington St. 1531 Chestnut St.
Boston, Mass. Philadelphia, Pa.

simple people, Mrs. Lowell and I."
"Oh," said the earl, "I love simplicity."

This remark fortified and comforted Lowell. It kept up his fortitude even when Mrs. Lowell informed him, when he got home, that there was nothing for dinner but creamed fish. But his spirits must have sunk a little when, at table, he essayed to help the simplicity-loving peer to the only dish, and the latter said, politely:

"If Mrs. Lowell will pardon me, I think I will omit the fish course."

—*Youth's Companion*.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
"Its purity has made it famous"

Announcement No. 36

Are You Going Away for the Winter?

No matter where or when you or friends of yours contemplate a trip this Winter, the Tours Department of the Chicago, Union Pacific and North Western Line solicits your correspondence in regard to it and suggests that you avail yourself of the unlimited services and assistance it is in position to render.

S. A. Hutchison, Manager
212 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

PC1688

(279)

Thoughts of Balzac

Profundity comes from the reader's intelligence and not from the thought expressed. A book is less an effect than a cause.

One virtue will efface many vices, one vice will efface many virtues.

What we call a representative government is a perpetual tempest, for the minority of the assembly never fails to claim that it is the majority of the nation, and sooner or later the assertion must be tested, and a mere circumstance is enough to justify the test. When the circumstance arrives, there is revolution. This government is therefore always at the mercy of circumstance. Now, the great essential of a government is fixity. That is what makes Austria so strong.

The finest revenge is the scorn of revenge.

Excessive civilization is close to barbarism, as steel is close to rusting. A moment's forgetfulness and the thing happens.

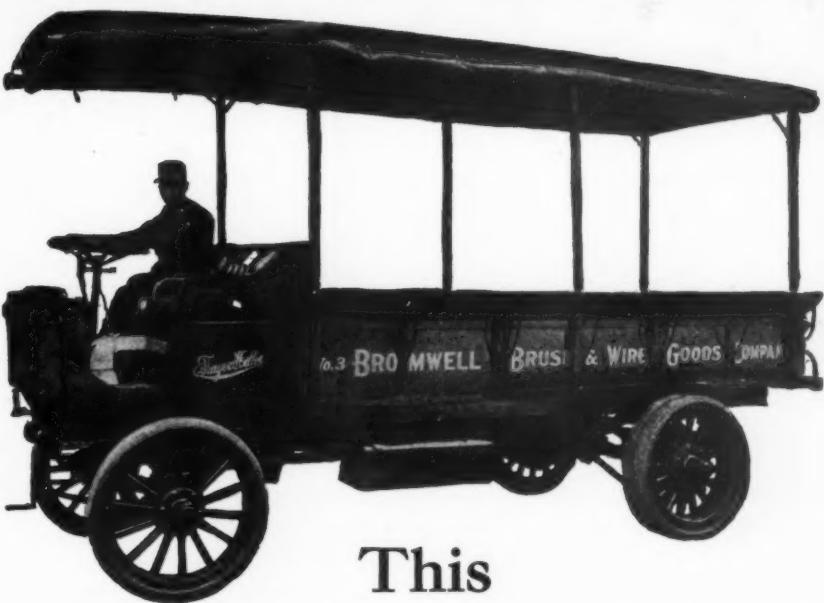
The Gift of Pleasure

Try as you will, you cannot make a Christmas Gift that combines the charm of novelty with that of pleasure and benefit like a barrel containing 10 dozen bottles of

Evans Ale

"A bottle of ale, and now a toast,
Good friends and a good coal fire
Are things this season doth require."

Any Dealer or C. H. Evans & Sons, - Hudson, N. Y.



This

Kelly (Frayer-Miller) Motor Truck

is working every day in direct comparison with several motor trucks of other makes. Read what the owners say in regard to its service:

This letter was written to a prospective purchaser of a motor truck:

J. D. FRAZIER & Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Gentlemen: We have before us your letter of Jan. 28th. We are operating several trucks, but only one of the Kelly make. It, however, is by a considerable margin better than any truck we have ever had anything to do with. The blower cooling system is very satisfactory, both Winter and Summer. This truck has been in use about a year and a half, without repairs, except tires, and has given thorough satisfaction in every way. It is doing the work with one operator, which was formerly done by two drivers and four horses. One of our drivers had no difficulty in learning to operate it. We have not had a great deal of success with other trucks, but we can speak very highly of the Kelly. We think you would make no mistake in buying this particular make.

THE BROMWELL BRUSH & WIRE GOODS COMPANY
(Signed) THOS. G. MELISH, Vice-President

The Kelly Motor Truck Company, Springfield, Ohio

This is just a single, average instance of the Kelly Motor Truck's superiority in actual, everyday service. We have letters of this character from representative firms in almost every industry.

Consistency

Recently the Kelly Truck won three great motor truck contests—at New York, Philadelphia and Boston—establishing a record for operating cost of $\frac{1}{10}$ of a cent per ton mile, beating not only all American trucks, but all foreign entries as well.

Write us for full particulars of Kelly Motor Trucks and details as to what they are doing for other firms in your line of business.

An idea at first appears obscure, then it seems divine to certain minds, soon the world sees everything in it, two centuries later the nations are ready to die for it.

Pagan religion deified the earth and set it in heaven, whereas Catholicism has set heaven above the earth.

Remorse is the virtue of the weak. It springs from fear.

Every one who thinks strongly raises a scandal.

The rules of taste are eternal, they are the result of a permanent accord between the means and the end of man.

—From Balzac's Note-Book.

Houbigant-Paris
Perfumes and
Soaps of Highest
Quality Only.



Brooks Brothers, CLOTHING, Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods.

Fur and Fur Lined Coats, Jackets, Rugs, Caps, Boots and Gloves, Trunks, Bags, Traveling Coats and Shawls, Dressing Cases and their separate fittings, Dressing Gowns, Breakfast Jackets, Slippers, Automobile Trunks, Luncheon Baskets, Angora and Shetland Garments, Umbrellas and Walking Sticks, Pipes and Pouches. Many novelties from the West End London Shops. Send for booklet "Christmas Suggestions."

BROADWAY, COR. TWENTY-SECOND ST., NEW YORK

A GENTLE REMINDER



To buy the great *Christmas Life*, now on sale everywhere. 25 cents.

To get it free, by sending in your subscription at once to begin December 1st.

LIFE, 17 W. 31st Street

Ulster's Whisky



G. S. NICHOLAS
& CO.

NEW YORK

Sole Agents



The Standard of Excellence

LIFE'S INFALLIBLE FORTUNE TELLER

If you were born on
December



Your future wife will not be afraid to remind you as the merry Yuletide approaches that Christmas is also her birthday

25



Your future husband will be a prudent gentleman who will appreciate his good luck in having his Christmas and wife's birthday combined.



Your future wife will indulge in aviation as her favorite sport. For your second wife you will choose a quiet, stay-at-home body.

26



Your future husband will take long hunting trips to inaccessible regions and will insist on disfiguring your home with stuffed heads, skins and other evidences of his prowess.



Your future wife will have an aversion to making new acquaintances, so your sociable instincts will be confined to a limited circle of back numbers.

27



Your future husband will be something too awful for publication.



Your future wife will be a member of the W. C. T. U. and you will always carry a supply of cloves in your waistcoat pocket.

28



Your future husband will be doomed to wear a beard perpetually as the unfortunate result of an election wager.

LIVER UPSET? Try
Hunyadi János
 NATURAL APERIENT WATER
 Avoid Unscrupulous Druggists



A Parent's Problem

DEAR LIFE:

The enclosed article appeared in the St. Louis *Republic* to-day. Knowing your interest in the subject I send it to you, as doubtless several of your subscribers will do:

Jesse McFarland, seven-year-old son of Jesse D. McFarland, of No. 4830 Leduc street, is dangerously ill of tetanus at his home. The boy was vaccinated two weeks ago at the Cote Brilliante School. Anti-tetanic serum was administered Monday by Doctor L. C. McElwee, of No. 1221 North Grand avenue, who says the infection was caused by the vaccination.

William Kuntz, seven years old, of No. 7819 Water street, died of tetanus October 17, several days after being vaccinated at the Carondelet School. The health authorities declared the cause of his death a mystery.

THINKS VACCINATION USELESS.

Doctor McElwee said that, while he did not wish to be placed in the light of opposing the acts of the Board of Health, vaccination was practically useless, and was not a protection against smallpox.

He believes vaccination is more of a

Grand South American Cruise

To the wonders of Latin America, leaving New York, January 21, 1911, by the S. S. *Bluecher* (12,500 tons), to the East Coast of South America, through the Straits of Magellan and up the West Coast to Valparaiso, Chili, Across the Andes, etc. Duration 74 days, rates \$350 up. Other desirable cruises:

ORIENT

Egypt, Holy Land, Nile.

WEST INDIES

Spanish Main, Panama Canal, Etc.

(Two Cruises) AROUND THE WORLD

Optional Tours of 17 days in India. 14 days in Japan.

Three Cruises by the S. S. *Moltke* (12,000 tons), Jan. 24, Feb. 25, 28 days' duration, cost \$150 and up; March 28, 16 days' duration, cost \$85 and up.

By the S. S. *Cleveland* (17,000 tons), from New York, Nov. 1, 1911, and from San Francisco, Feb. 17, 1912, 110 days, \$650 and up, including all necessary expenses.

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE

41-45 Broadway

Boston

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Pittsburg

San Francisco

New York
Chicago



menace than smallpox, as the disease is not prevalent.

Smallpox cases, he said, are seldom dangerous, and with ordinary precaution are not necessarily fatal.

I am the mother of a little girl seven and a boy four. The little girl has always attended a private school, not because we are well-to-do or especially approve of private schools, but because I cannot bring myself to

have her vaccinated. Neither one of the children has ever had a contagious or infectious disease, and I cannot bear to have that filth put into their blood. As to just how we are to stretch father's purse when school time for the small son comes is a problem we have still to face, and are hoping against hope for an age of enlightenment before then. Here's to you in your crusade.

Very cordially yours, E. C. M.
ST. LOUIS, October 26, 1910.

From Oklahoma

DEAR LIFE:

In your issue of October 27 a "reader" stated that she is a woman—not a suffragette—and is ashamed for her sex. Now all sensible folk agree that there is something decidedly amiss with the woman of to-day. Perhaps I am ashamed for them, too, but I wouldn't want any one to hear me say it!

You are well acquainted with the man who is forever "running down" the town that gives him and his their sustenance and a generous bit beside. You cannot conceal your contempt for that particular brand of human being, and you are justified in sling the slogan, "If you can't boast, don't knock," into his face. You are prone to lose your temper and shout at him, "For goodness sake, shut up! Get busy and do something for your town!"

(Continued on page 1168)

Over Thirty-Five Thousand Motorists Testify that Motor Print

is different from every other magazine. The difference is radical, because it gives a positive knowledge of facts most essential to the

OWNER AND USER

So thoroughly does "Motor Print" cover the field of motoring that no magazine or combination of magazines can be considered as factors of value in competing with it. "Motor Print" maintains its well-earned lead over all other motor publications in America by *sheer merit* and *that alone*. Its wide popularity is amply evidenced by the *superior volume* of its readers. You do not need to take our word for this—

ASK ANY READER

or you can compare it with the magazine you are now receiving.

Its thorough national circulation has been built up solely on its merits. No premiums or dubious schemes are resorted to

Send a postal for sample copy

THE MOTOR PRINT COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

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Legrand-Paris

Best Perfumery
Soaps at Moderate
Prices.
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GOLD SEAL

Champagne

America's Favorite Wine
FOR ALL



XMAS DINNERS

For Home, Banquet
or Club

Made by the French process—
equal to any imported cham-
pagne without paying the duty.

ORDER A CASE
FOR CHRISTMAS

Special Dry—Brut

URBANA WINE CO.

Urbana, N. Y., Sole Maker

From Our Readers

(Continued from page 1167)

Now, that is just what I feel like saying to that "reader" who says she is ashamed for her sex. What can she do for her sex? There are plenty of sweet little domestic wives and mothers and grown-up daughters anxious to protect civilization from the masculine woman. They are willing to follow this "reader" or any one who will suggest some plan of procedure.

It is difficult, indeed, to think of a way to begin, but until something is suggested let us not voice our shame, but, on the other hand, keep it dark. Better use the power of suggestion in the opposite direction and become unashamed.

In other words, if we can't "boost" our sex, at least let's not "knock" it.

Sincerely,

MRS. DELBERT TIBBETTS.

GUTHRIE, OKLA., October 31, 1910.

"Djer-Kiss"
PRONOUNCED "DEAR KISS"

Sa finesse fait du Djer-Kiss
le parfum de la femme
difficile. —Kerkoff, Paris

TRANSLATION: "It's refinement makes Djer-Kiss the perfume for the particular woman."

Extract, Scent, Face and Talcum Powder

At all dealers. Send 6c. for Sample of Extract.

Alfred H. Smith Co., 72 Chambers St., New York

An Alternative

EDITOR OF LIFE,
New York.

Dear Mr. Editor:

I merely want to ask you a question: Do you not care to keep your Catholic subscribers? ONE OF THEM. HARRISBURG, PA., NOV. 21, 1910.

Yes.

But at a reasonable price.

If the price were to be a promise from LIFE to never refer to the Cath-

olic Church unless in terms of praise, our answer would be "No."

The same question might be asked by a host of readers whom we frequently offend; Vivisectors, High Church Episcopalian, Jews, Republicans and Democrats, "society" people, bishops, suffragettes, millionaires, old maids, fat folks, etc., etc., ad infinitum. LIFE's reply to all would be

(Concluded on page 1169)

Copyright, 1910, by
Benj. B. Hampton.

From Dr. Cook's latest
photograph taken at
Poughkeepsie, N. Y., No-
vember, 1910, for Ham-
pton's Magazine.

Dr. Cook's confession.

"Did I get to the North Pole? ** I confess that I do not know ab-
solutely. ** Fully, freely, and frankly I shall tell you everything."

—From Dr. Cook's Own Story in Hampton's Magazine for January.

Since the sudden and mysterious disappearance of Dr. Frederick A. Cook in November, 1909, until the publication of this series no word has been received from this man who stood so conspicuously for a brief while before the world, the recipient of unprecedented honors. Why did Dr. Cook disappear? Was not this a tacit admission that he had presented a fraudulent claim to the discovery of the North Pole? Or did he ever possibly believe in himself? Where dur-

ing his absence, has he been, and what has he done?

During the past year Dr. Cook has been reported in many places. Various interviews have been attributed to him. One has announced his going secretly North, another told of his attending the Peary lecture in London. Dr. Cook brands these as fabrications. Here, for the first time, he makes an authoritative statement to the world and answers the questions asked about him. Dr. Cook's Own Story—an intensely human document—appears exclusively in

HAMPTON'S

January issue now on sale—15 cents. Send 50 cents for a four months' subscrip-
tion containing the complete Cook story. HAMPTON'S MAGAZINE, New York.

RAD-BRIDGE

Registered at Pat. Office London, WASHINGTON, OTTAWA
CLUB LINEN PLAYING CARDS.
 Design of back hemstitched Linen, pat'd. Colors, red, blue, brown, green, 25c. per pack. Gold edge, 35c. Dealt every where or sent postpaid on receipt of price. Send for Catalog of Bridge Accessories.
 Dept. L., RADCLIFFE & CO., 144 Pearl St., New York

From Our Readers

(Concluded from page 1168)

the same, as to the Catholics, if he cared to continue his existence. When a satirical journal ceases to satirize it has gone out of business.

The Divorce Question

MY DEAR LIFE:

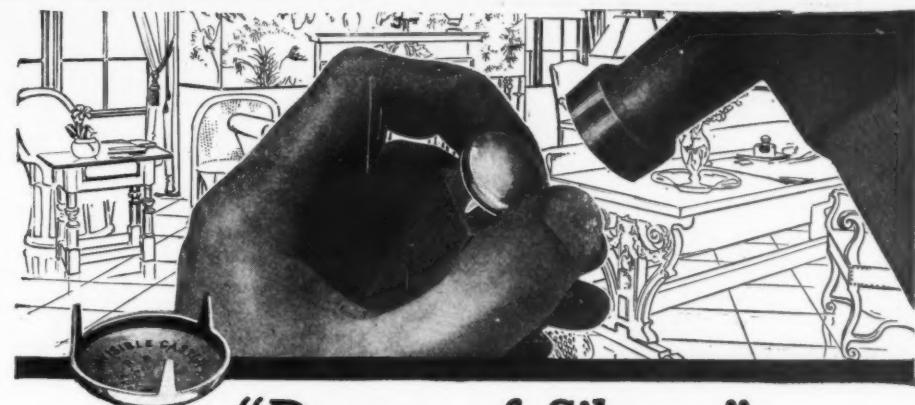
We Americans, I know, are too lavish of superlatives, and I try to avoid them. I must, however, say that I think your recent cartoon on the divorce question is the finest cartoon that has appeared among English-speaking people since *Punch's* famous "Dropping the Pilot." Sincerely,

CHARLES ST. CLAIR WADE.
 TUFTS COLLEGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

Against Divorce

DEAR LIFE:

Being a member of a family that has always considered you an important addition to the household literature, and a member of two organizations that subscribe to you regularly without a murmur of dissent, may I be permitted to raise my pen in protest to



"Domes of Silence"

The Invisible Caster without Wheels

Make your furniture glide, keep it gliding always. Highly hardened, highly polished, nickelized domes of steel "Domes of Silence" glide over carpets, rugs, floors, a lifetime. Same degree of hardness all through—no rough surfaces to catch, tear or scratch. Invisible. Slip easily over the edge of a rug. A few hammer taps adjust, and they stay where put, practically indestructible.

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Silence." Your dealer has or can get the genuine for you. Send 15c. for trial set. Mention your dealer's name so that your inevitable repeat orders may be quickly and satisfactorily filled.

Dealers: Demonstration sets. No one ignores "Domes of Silence" after having seen them. Display matter free. Write for samples and prices.

Domes of Silence Ltd.

Henry W. Peabody & Company,
 American Agents
 30 State St., New York

your stand in regard to the attitude of the Episcopal Church on divorce? If I am not mistaken you aim to amuse your readers and to attack vice, corruption and tyranny. In your cartoon called, "Not to be taken from her cross," you have taken it upon yourself to attack that important section of the church universal commonly known as "the Episcopal Church." You have put yourself on record as thinking lightly of the marriage vow

and being in favor of one of our acknowledged greatest evils—Divorce. I am a member of that body known as the college world, which in some circles is called broad-minded and in others heretical. May I say that I unite with a very great number of my fellows in failing to see anything either funny or calculated to do good to society in your cartoon? Do you not think that subjects as sacred as the marriage vow or the church universal, a part of which you attack, are subjects far removed from your domain of condemnation as a humorous and righteous periodical? Very truly,

JULIAN D. HAMLIN,
 WILLIAMS COLLEGE,
 WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS.

November 17, 1910.



SOLVED PROBLEMS

CHRISTMAS PERPLEXITIES
 Simplified—if your Standards are high
 And your tastes are refined. WHERE?

The BOOK & PRINT SHOP.

The PLACE to find distinctive CHRISTMAS PRESENTS at moderate prices. The PLACE to get exclusive Christmas Cards, Calendars and Novelties. Large and Small Pictures, Framed and unframed. Many subjects found there only. The Largest and most interesting HOLIDAY BOOKS & BOOKLETS.

AND
 Those JOLLY DOGS.
 One of MORGAN SHEPARD'S
 Whimsies. Ivory
 Plaster. Boxed. 100
 A laugh on every
 side of them.

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 NEW YORK.



SANTA CLAUS

Caron-Paris
 Artistic Perfumer.
 His Latest Novelty,
 "MIMOSA" Extract.
 Sold by the Best Stores.

Life's Suffragette Contest

XX

No Man Should Marry a Suffragette

DEAR LIFE:

There is one valid and sufficient reason why I should not marry a suffragette. If any man can say that this reason does not apply to him, it is a sad reflection on his literary taste and he should be barred from entering the contest.

One of the principal pleasures of my existence is the weekly perusal of LIFE. I devour every word of it—even the full-page stories of your sad experiences with mental subscribers. The chief adornment of my library table is the latest copy of LIFE.

The regular readers well know that the editors and contributing editors of LIFE exercise their wit and sarcasm with frequent and amusingly subtle flings at the suffragettes and their cause.

Imagine, for a moment, myself being married to one of them! What would it mean? Simply this—that she, the domineering disciple of Priscilla Jawbones, would rule the ranch. And the first act of her administration would be to investigate and censor my literary possessions. LIFE would be forever barred from her (?) library table. Never would she tolerate what LIFE does to the suffragettes. One glance at the likeness of Priscilla Jawbones would suffice to make her revolt. In the end I would probably be forced to peregrinate, with Reno as the ultimate (it is discovered).

Marry a suffragette? Not on your life—not for THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

Contestingly yours,
FRANK E. LANTZ.

XXI

Why One Man Doesn't Wed a Suffragette

Man of Mirth, I'll do my part,
And will tell you why my heart
Shuns the widely spreading net
Of the sturdy suffragette.
From the cradle to the grave
Man was born to be a slave;
This I learn from conversation,
Reinforced by observation:
All he has for this affliction
Is the pleasing little fiction



XXII

Why Any Man Should Not Marry a Suffragette

Why should not any man marry a suffragette? Simply because not every man is fit to marry a woman with intelligence enough to demand for herself a share in the government. There is every good reason why some men should not marry an intelligent woman. An intelligent woman is quite apt to tell the plain, unvarnished truth disagreeably, and there are many men to whom the truth every day would be a painful infliction. She would doubtless explain him to himself, and that would make him unhappy.

A suffragette is a woman endowed with brains and character, who firmly believes that the mothers of men should be entitled to share in the interests of men—and they are determined that they will not permit one-half of the population to be the pets and drudges of the other half of the human race.

The average man's ideal of a wife is the insipid, characterless sort of a doll that will gaze upon him with childlike confidence, spending her days in flattering his vanity and smoothing down his ruffled feathers—when the world at large has been telling him the truth about himself, making up from her unlimited store of affection, patience and laudation for all his defects and assorted samples of littleness.

Nor is the man who expects to find in a wife a combination, hard-working machine, household drudge and nursemaid to his seven or nine children, the sort that will be happy with a suffragette as a wife.

She would probably reform his ways by kindness—or otherwise—and the odds are at least ten to one that the man who is accustomed to coming home at night only when other more agreeable places are closed would not take kindly to reform.

ESTELLE L. NEWCOMBE.

That his home is as a castle
Where he rules both peer and vassal;
Take that from him, what remains?
Dungeon cells and prison chains.
Yet that's surely what he'll get
If he weds a suffragette.

George A. Rich.

(Concluded on page 1171)

HARPER'S
BOOKS

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer

New Holiday Edition

The demand for a genuinely fine edition of Mark Twain's great story has steadily increased until now the publishers believe such a book will meet with a welcome wide enough to justify the outlay. That the pictures might have accuracy and atmosphere, the artist, Worth Brehm, went to Missouri and spent some time in the actual localities. He has made sixteen drawings of more than ordinary interest. The book has been made throughout with every care for painstaking workmanship—from entirely new plates.

A Chariot of Fire

By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps

A little book to bring a lump to the throat is this story by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. A workingman, overwrought with anxiety for his son—injured in an accident miles away—appeals at a stranger's door for means to reach his boy. The stranger is touched, orders out his car and the two rush through the night in the "chariot of fire." You must experience this suspense, this rush onward through the darkness and the underplay of emotion.

Max

By Katherine Cecil Thurston

The heroine is also the hero in this remarkable novel. The startling novelty of the plot and the charm of the love story have called forth a chorus of praise swelling across the country and echoing beyond the ocean in the English press. Almost without exception they say that story is better than "The Masquerader" (high praise, indeed). "More breathless in interest, with a central situation just as strong." Mrs. Thurston has "caught the atmosphere, the glitter, the restlessness of life in these deft, pleasant pictures." One critic says: "There is an ache in the throat in those scenes when Charpentier's music floats out on the luminous night."

The Heritage of the Desert

By Zane Grey

"An appealing love story, pure as the far water brooks," says one reviewer of this new novel, "in which the curtain is raised on a scene hitherto unexplored in American fiction." The New York *World* adds this comment: "It is a strong story, rich with life and mixed with color. No man in the tale wears a collar, and the women are the genuine daughters of the desert and the mountains, fit mates of their men. We are glad to recommend this fine new novel, 'The Heritage of the Desert.'"

HARPER'S
MAGAZINE

HARPER'S
BAZAR

HARPER'S
WEEKLY



HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label. Get "Improved," no tacks required. *Wood Rollers* *Tin Rollers*

Life's Suffragette Contest

(Concluded from page 1170)

XXIII

One Explanation

SUFFRAGETTE. Genus hybrida.—Seldom born under thirty years of age. Found principally in North America and the British Isles. Said to be descended from the Euxine aborigines, but this is not authenticated. The first one known to biologists appeared in Tibet about 14,000 B.C., but was promptly run down and ruthlessly beheaded by its irate mongolian benedict. After a Cosmic wink of 10,000 years a second specimen appeared. It was known as Eve, and assumed equal rights with a man named Adam in the government of Eden. It was then called suffraga. It ate—hence the modern word—suffer, suffraga—suffraga ate—suffragaette!

The specimen now extant affects glasses, and is distinguishable from *la femme ordinaire* by a rasping, squeaky noise—frequently mistaken for logic—which issues, without intermission, from an aperture in its face.

An exhaustive study of the creature—from a safe distance—induces the conclusion that it is androgynous. At any rate, no perfect male specimen has ever been found.

Although the species has augmented rapidly during the last decade, there has been no organized effort to combat it. A valiant warrior, known as "Dan Cupid," is waging single-handed warfare, however, and has succeeded in bagging thousands of the younger specimens which have, from time to time, mavericked from the suffragette

Any One You Care For

enough to give a present to at all will be glad to have you give them a five pound box of

Belle Mead Sweets

CHOCOLATES AND BON BONS

You'll like the appearance of the package, and the confections are delicious.

Sold only in sealed packages
by the better class of druggists

BELLE MEAD SWEETS

Trenton - - N. J.

herd. This has reduced Dan to the "suspicious character" class.

Male man is cautioned not to appulse these mavericks. Cast out any arrow which may plunge into thine heart dripping with blood from its passage through the heart of one of these biped anachronisms. No matter what thine anguish, e'en though it may gladden the heart of thine undertaker, tear it from thee!

The modern suffragette as a source of material for humorous and serio-comic publications—not to mention the Bok Koran—is harmless, but for the man in whom it awakens the "cosmic urge" it means "curtains."

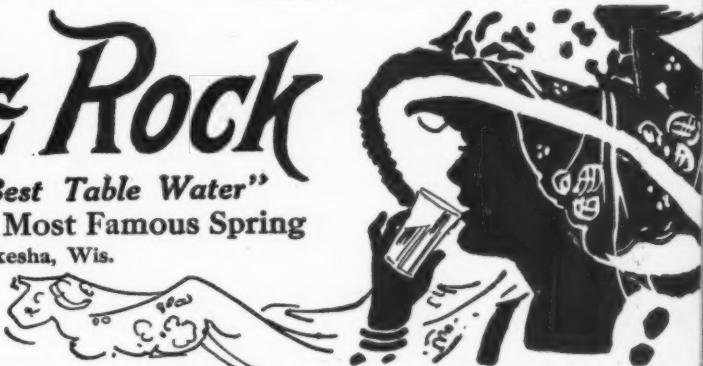
DONALD LOWRIE.

White Rock

"The World's Best Table Water"
From America's Most Famous Spring

Waukesha, Wis.

Put up only in NEW
Sterilized Bottles



Next week's *LIFE*,
The New Year's Number



is



Coming Quickly.

Cory Kilvert Contributes Comical Cover.

Compact, Companionable
Communications.

Colors!

Contains Contemporaneous
Convivialities.

Caroms Continuously, Contenting
Carping Critics.
Clever Cartoons.
Corking Contents.
(Caps Climax!)



Several Things

Are borne in upon us at this momentous period of the world's history, just on the Eve of the great Gasoline Number (the greatest in Life's record, coming on January 5th).

The first thing that we happen to think of is that it is not too late to subscribe. The monumental Christmas number is still on sale, and if you should feel an impulse to be enrolled in Life's list of highly intelligent people, this number will be included in your subscription if it starts Dec. 1st.

Next, we might mention that you can always get Life on every news-stand. All you need is to hold out a dime and wink intelligently, and he will hand you out the last Life. Why not some other? Well, because Life sells better on the news-stand than any other ten cent weekly.

Have you seen some of the special things running in Life? Not a word of information in any of them.

No muckraking.

Coming numbers are

- Gasoline
- Theatrical
- Socialist's
- Richman's
- Burglar's
- Humorous

Subscription \$5.00

Canadian \$5.52

Foreign \$6.04



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The
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By Peter

Fun is a
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By Kate

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HARPE
MAGAZI

HARPER'S
BOOKS

The Slant Book

By Peter Newell

Fun is awaiting aplenty for the readers of this, Peter Newell's strange new book. You never saw anything like it. The slant is real, the pitch is sharp and the humor of it bumps out as a hilarious youngster in a go-cart slides down each page. His adventures are for grown-ups as well as for children. The pictures are in color and the verses are just as bright. The truth is, this new book is even better than "The Hole Book" which made everybody laugh last year.

The Way to Peace

By Margaret Deland

Not for a gift alone, but to read and embrace, is this new book by Margaret Deland. The pictures, by Alice Barber Stephens, are in perfect accord with the sweetness of the story—an episode in the life of a husband and wife, told with simple strength and deep understanding. Its theme is an unusual one—the danger of following an impulse, even when that impulse is apparently for good, unless one is prepared to take all the consequences. The background is a quiet Shaker community.

Tama

By Onoto

Art in picture and story distinguishes this new book by Onoto Watanna—a complete embodiment of the holiday book. A Japanese artist, Genjiro Kataoka, has made the pictures—reproduced in Japanese colors. Here is told the tale of an American college professor who goes to Japan as a teacher and meets the "fox woman" who, in reality, is the daughter of a priestess of Buddha.

Mary Cary

By Kate Langley Bosher

There is now ready, in full green leather binding, a new holiday edition of this little book of the heart, about which one critic said: "Let's be glad for books like 'Mary Cary.'" Another writer said: "Worthy of being received into all the households of America, a story that will be as much of a favorite as 'Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.'"

HARPER'S
MAGAZINE

HARPER'S
BAZAR

HARPER'S
WEEKLY



Rhymed Reviews

A Gift Book

(By Ignatius. Any Old Publisher)

In this great work behold combined
The craftsmanship of all the ages!
For Art and Nature, thrice refined,
Have beautified its sacred pages.

The paper, in a Persian mill
Which antedates the reign of Cyrus,
Was made by hand with patient skill
From Real Old Upper Nile Papyrus;

And all the leaves of texture fine
Within this unexampled tome are
Devoutly tinged with lees of wine
From purple flagons quaffed by
Omar!

Its typographic beauties next
Demand the connoisseur's attention:
The quaintly rubricated text
From type of Caxton's own invention

Is printed. All the margins fair
And broad, are rich with decorations
In tint, by well-known hands, and
there
Are lots of colored illustrations.

'Tis simply bound in pink Levant;
Or, better still, for true book-lovers,
In Flexible White Elephant,
Hand-tooled, embossed, with paneled
covers.

So, tied with silk Parisian tape,
Within a pure Ancona jacket
And boxed in Oriental crépe,
It makes a mighty pretty packet.

"But what's the book about?" I fear
That speech betrays a lack of breeding.

Manning-Bowman

New
Alcohol
Gas
Stove
Alcolite
Burner

The
Cooking
Power
of a
Range Burner



For Chafing Dish,
Coffee Percolator,
General Cooking

A Manning-Bowman Chafing Dish and a Manning-Bowman Coffee Pot Style Percolator can be used interchangeably on this stove, or you can use it for any sort of cooking with your regular stew pan, frying pan, kettle, broiler, or other utensils.

Fine for summer cooking, for light housekeeping, for camping and picnics. Burns denatured alcohol at a cost of about two cents an hour. Safe, clean, odorless. Sold with Manning-Bowman Chafing Dishes or separately by leading dealers. Write for Free Recipe Book and Catalog "F-26."

MANNING,
BOWMAN & CO.,
Meriden, Conn.
Also Makers of the
"Eclipse" Bread Mixers
Over a Hundred Styles and Sizes.

A Gift Book, one should know, my dear,
Is made for selling, not for reading.
Arthur Guiterman.

MELLOW AS MOONLIGHT

CASCADE

PURE WHISKY

The best of grain—honest distillation and purification—real age. That's why Cascade is rich, pure and wholesome. Original bottling has old gold label. GEO. A. DICKEL & CO., Distillers, Nashville, Tenn. 100

Milo
The
Egyptian
Cigarette
of Quality

AROMATIC DELICACY
MILDNESS
PURITY

At your club or dealer's
THE SURBRUG CO., Makers, New York

The Latest Books

In Africa, by John T. McCutcheon. (Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind.)

The Purchase Price, by Emerson Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind. \$1.50.)

Aladdin and His Lamp, by Edith Robarts. (Platt & Peck Company. 50 cents.)

The Recall of Love, by Ralph Connor. (George H. Doran Company. 35 cents.) *Anti-Matrimony*, by Percy MacKaye. (F. A. Stokes Company. \$1.25.)

The Married Life of the Frederick Carrolls, by Jessie Lynch Williams. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.)

The Man Without a Country, by Edward Everett Hale. (Platt & Peck Company. Cloth, 75 cents; leather \$2.00.)

Guide to Reading in Social Ethics, by Teachers in Harvard University. (Pub-

lished by Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.)

Life of Hiram Paulding, by Rebecca Paulding Meade. (Baker & Taylor Company. \$1.50.)

Socialism and Success, by W. J. Ghent. (John Lane Company. \$1.00)

Literary Lapses, by Stephen Leacock. (John Lane Company. \$1.25.)

In Town and Other Conversations, by Janet Ayer Fairbank. (A. C. McClurg & Company, Chicago, Ill. \$1.25.)

Mrs. Featherweight's Musical Moments, by John Brady. (The Alice Mariman Company, New York. 75 cents.)

The Robinson Crusoe Library (3 vols.) (Outing Publishing Company. \$4.00.)

Home Life in America, by Katharine G. Busbey. (Macmillan Company.)

Medical Chaos and Crime, by Norman Barnesby, M.D. (Mitchell Kennerley. \$2.00.)

The End of Dreams, by Wood Levette Wilson. (Mitchell Kennerley.)

What
Shall I Give
For
Christmas?



is the question that will be often heard for the next few weeks.

The choosing of a present that particularly appeals to the recipient shows the care with which it was selected by the giver. If you decide to send a magazine for the ensuing year to your friends, the question is, which one? You make no mistake in deciding upon

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

Everybody is interested in the world of drama and music.

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